

Half A Heart

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/26545285) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/26545285>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	陈情令 The Untamed (TV) , 魔道祖师 - 墨香铜臭 Módào Zǔshī - Mòxiāng Tóngxiù
Relationships:	Jiang Cheng Jiang Wanyin/Lan Huan , Lan Xichen , Lan Zhan Lan Wangji/Wei Ying , Wei Wuxian
Characters:	Jiang Cheng , Jiang Wanyin , Lan Huan , Lan Xichen , Lan Zhan Lan Wangji , Wei Ying , Wei Wuxian , Jin Ling , Jin Rulan , Lan Yuan , Lan Sizhui , Lan Jingyi , Lan Qiren
Additional Tags:	Romance , Fluff , Family , I tried coming up with a curse , hope it works , Because I love Xi Chen and Jiang Cheng , And they both deserve happiness and love , MY PRECIOUS BABIES , Brothers reconciliation , And of course my Wei Ying and Lan Zhan , I love them too much to not include them in the fic , Do not copy and repost , Cross-Posted on FanFiction.Net
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Beautiful Curses
Stats:	Published: 2020-09-27 Completed: 2020-11-01 Words: 22,262 Chapters: 7/7

Half A Heart

by [valastsacrifice](#)

Summary

When Jiang Cheng decides to help an unconscious Lan Xi Chen lying drenched on his Piers, he did not expect to get tied together to the First Jade by a curse. A curse of love.

I suck at writing summaries, so please give this story a try....

Notes

Hello, my lovelies.. I am back with yet another fanfic.. But this time I'm gonna try my hand at a XiCheng fic.. I hope you guys like it.. As usual, comments and criticisms are widely welcome.. Do let me know what you think... And please leave kudos if you like my fic.. XD
PS: This is going to be a part of a series.. I'll be adding one shots or short chapter fics whenever I have the time and idea... So stay tuned!

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

Hello, my lovelies! So here's Chapter 1... I hope you guys like it!

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

Jiang Cheng shivered as he pulled a woolly outer robe tighter around himself, trying to shield his trembling body from the cold gust of air brushing against his cold skin. He walked through the training grounds, in the dead of the night, to the music of the chirping cicadas and the croaking frogs. It was way past his bed time but for the life of him, he could not fall asleep. His restlessness had made him put on his clothes and take a walk in the silence of the night.

He hummed a soft tune, a lullaby to be specific, that his sister used to sing for him and his brother, Wei Wu Xian. Ah, his brother. As much as Jiang Cheng wanted to deny it, he missed his brother. It had been three years since the fateful day at the Guanyin Temple and he wasn't proud to say that his relationship with his brother still remained in constraints. And the fact that his estranged brother had run off and eloped with the cold Jade of Gusu, absolutely did not help. He knew for a fact that Lan Wang Ji hated him. And honestly, it was in his right to hate him. Hell, Jiang Cheng hated himself. Many a times, he had found himself penning a letter to his brother, only to seal it away in the deepest drawer in the darkest corner of his room.

He sighed tiredly. One day he would just have to gather the courage to approach his brother. He had already lost sixteen years. What's a few more?

His thoughts had brought him almost halfway through the pier when something at the end of the pier caught his eye and he froze. No, it wasn't something. It was someone. He ran towards the unconscious body and as he reached closer he could make out the pale blue Hanfu and a headband on the man's forehead, glinting in the moonlight and the mere fact that somebody from Gusu Lan was lying unconscious on his pier made him dash.

"What the fuck?" he muttered as he stared at the unconscious man whose identity was now confirmed to be the First Jade of Lan aka Zewujun aka Lan Xi Chen. He immediately checked for a pulse and the soft patters he felt below his fingers made him heave a sigh of relief. Gusu Lan would have definitely had his head if something had happened to their precious Jade on his territory. He tried patting Lan Xi Chen's wet cheek a few times which was unusually cold only to receive no response. He hurriedly lifted the man in his arms and rushed to the infirmary. He could not help but think about how light Lan Xi Chen was considering his height and build but then again, considering their disgustingly bland pathetic excuse of a food, it shouldn't have come to him as a shock.

He opened the doors of the infirmary with a bang and the healer on call woke up with a start and a short scream.

“Something is wrong with him,” Jiang Cheng began as he immediately placed the cold body on the bed nearest to the fireplace and began undoing the man’s robes after realizing that he was drenched. Drenched in what, he didn’t know. It hadn’t rained and unless Lan Xi Chen had decided to take a swim in the cold waters of Lotus Pier in the middle of the fucking night, he shouldn’t have been wet. “Found him at the edge of the pier. I can feel his Qi but he’s unconscious. No injuries in sight.”

The healer, having just realized that the man his sect leader had just carried in was none other than the esteemed Zewujun, immediately sprang into action. “Get me a pair of dry under robes,” he ordered pushing Jiang Cheng out of his way as he poked and prodded at his patient.

Within record time, Jiang Cheng was back with one of his freshly washed under robes and helped the healer to put the clothes on their unconscious and uninvited patient/guest, taking extreme care to not touch the forehead ribbon. He knew how important that piece of ribbon was for the Lans.

“So?” Jiang Cheng asked the healer, wringing his hands in nervousness.

“His Qi seems to be stable and as you already mentioned, there’s no visible injuries. It appears that he’s in deep sleep. I suppose we should wait till tomorrow morning to see if he regains consciousness,” the healer replied.

“Healer Wang!” Jiang Cheng bellowed. “That,” he gritted out, pointing a slender finger at the sleeping figure, “is Zewujun. From Gusu Lan. If anything happens to him here, we’re screwed. We can’t afford to be careless with his life.

The healer cowered in fear. “I-I-I know, Jiang Gongzi,” he stammered. “But there really is nothing wrong with his body. I can guarantee that. We’ll just have to wait until he wakes up.”

Jiang Cheng pinched the bridge of his nose. He really should try to rein in his temper. After all he wasn’t a healer.

“How about you go and get some sleep, Jiang Gongzi?” the healer suggested without any eye contact.

Jiang Cheng was suddenly feeling the crushing weight of worry and tiredness on his shoulders. “No, I’ll stay,” he decided and borrowing a blanket, he moved to make himself comfortable on the floor beside the bed occupied by Lan Xi Chen.

Now that he had an up close visual of the peaceful face of the sleeping Lan, he couldn’t help but notice the changes on the face of the man that he hadn’t seen for three years. He looked thinner than before and slightly older too. Which shouldn’t really have been surprising considering the series of shocks he had received in regards to his sworn brother’s horrendous activities. Hell, Jiang Cheng himself was still recovering from it. But one thing hadn’t changed, and that was his delicate beauty. He still looked as handsome and dashing as ever.

Jiang Cheng outlined the sleeping man's face with his pointer finger and marveled at the soft skin. The wide forehead, eyes surrounded by soft crinkles, framed by long and thick lashes brushing against his cheek, the slender, delicate nose, the sharp prominent jawline and the pink luscious lips that he could almost imagine capturing in a bruising kiss-

Jing Cheng felt his entire body heat up at the sudden diversion his thoughts had taken and he pulled his hand away like he had been burned. As much as he hated to say this but maybe Wei Wu Xian was right. His lack of sexual life was finally getting to him. That's just what it was. Sexual frustration. He tried to calm his racing heart and forced himself to focus on the important matters at hand.

Jiang Cheng wondered what the First Jade of Lan had been doing in Yunmeng. If he was visiting he should have sent a missive of his impending arrival and knowing the Lans and their stupid rules, Zewujun wasn't the kind to appear on one's doorstep without prior notice. Moreover, from what he had heard from his nephew, the man was supposed to be in seclusion, recovering from the betrayal of his sworn brother. So how did he appear in Yunmeng? And why? Why was he unconscious? Why was he travelling alone? Jiang Cheng had so many questions. But the only person that could answer them, was lying unconscious on the bed next to him. All Jiang Cheng could do was wait.

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Light slithered through the tiny opening of the window and Lan Xi Chen let out a soft groan, as he opened his heavy eyes. There was a dull thudding at the base of his skull and he stared at the unfamiliar ceiling, trying to recall where he was. He heard the sound of rustling robes on his right and before he could turn, a familiar, worried face appeared in his line of vision.

"Zewujun! Zewujun," Jiang Cheng whispered, waving a hand in front of his face, worry lacing his words. "Are you alright? Can you hear me? Are you in pain?"

Lan Xi Chen stared in confusion at the sect leader bombarding him with questions. Jiang Wanyin? What was Jiang Wanyin doing here? And why did he look so worried? But he couldn't deny that the raw concern in the Sect Leader's eyes was making him feel all warm and giddy. Lan Xi Chen had always found the Jiang Sect Leader really good looking with his boyish face and angry young man persona. But now with increasing age and his 'I just woke up face' he looked ruggedly handsome. His hair was a mess. His robe was a mess. There were dark bags under his eyes. But why did he look like a beautiful mess? Wait a minute. Why was Lan Xi Chen thinking about what a beautiful mess the Jiang Sect Leader was? What in the world was happening? He looked around the room and frowned.

"Where am I?" he rasped, his throat painfully dry.

"You're in Lotus Pier," Jiang Cheng replied, as calmly as he could and helped Lan Xi Chen lean against the bed.

"Lotus Pier?!" Lan Xi Chen screeched loudly and then winced at the sound of his own voice. '*Screaming is prohibited*,' his mind supplied for him. He took a deep, calming breath and with a much controlled voice, tried again. "How did I get here?"

“I don’t know, Zewujun. I found you lying drenched and unconscious on my pier.” Jiang Cheng was getting worried. Did the First Jade of Lan suffer a memory loss? He should probably send for the healer.

“That is not possible,” Lan Xi Chen replied with wide eyes and lips pressed into a thin line, absolutely hating the fact that Jiang Cheng was calling him Zewujun. No, seriously. What is happening to him. Why is his heart fluttering like a butterfly? And did he say drenched? He looked down and found himself in soft purple under robes and the scent of Lotuses clinging to him. A scent that was very similar to the one wafting from the Jiang Sect Leader.

“Well, Zewujun, I can assure you I am not lying,” Jiang Cheng said blankly.

“No, you don’t understand!” Lan Xi Chen sputtered, throwing all calmness and serenity out of the window. It wasn’t like he was in Gusu! “I was on a nighthunt in Moling! There’s no way I could have reached Lotus Pier-,”

“Moling?” Jiang Cheng asked, skeptically. “Are you sure?”

“Yes, I am. How-,” Lan Xi Chen was interrupted by the sudden appearance of the Healer.

“Oh, Zewujun. You’re awake,” the healer chimed as he hurriedly moved to his patient, to check on his meridians. “Everything seems perfectly alright. But I would really like to know, Zewujun, what exactly happened last night?”

“I was in Moling,” Lan Xi Chen repeated firmly. “Wang Ji and A-Xian suggested me to go on a night hunt, hoping that it would make me feel better. And I didn’t want them to worry about me, so I agreed to go as long as I could go alone. I didn’t want them fawning all over me.”

Jiang Cheng ignored the pang in his heart at the familiar way the Lan Sect Leader referred to his brother. He honestly did not know if he was jealous because his brother had a good relationship with Xi Chen or if it was because Xi Chen had referred to him so intimately.

“So without a plan in mind, I decided to walk through the streets of Gusu and Caiyi and eventually found myself in Moling. But sadly for me, there were no hauntings happening around. So I wandered through the streets, tried different delicacies, spent an evening at the tea house which let me add, was very interesting, helped an old woman and when it was nearing bed time, I booked myself a room at the local inn and went to sleep,” he finished.

Jiang Cheng stared in apprehension at the older Lan’s story. “That’s it? Nothing else happened?”

“No.”

“Well,” the healer began. “That is unusual. But I guess, we should focus on the fact that you are alright.”

“Yes, thank you, healer,” Lan Xi Chen smiled sincerely and turned to Jiang Cheng. “You too, Sect Leader Jiang. I don’t really know how I ended up here but I have to apologize for

turning up unannounced. And thank you for everything that you've done for me," he said with a soft smile.

Jiang Cheng couldn't take his eyes off those lips that had curled into a mesmerizing smile. He had always liked the Older Lan's smiles. They were always like a calming sea to his raging storm. "It's-uh- no problem," Jiang Chang stuttered with a blush, when he realized that he had been gawking for a pretty long time.

Lan Xi Chen looked away, his lips tilted into a smirk and tried to control the heat spreading through his neck. He had seen Jiang Cheng turn red in fury on various occasions. But this time the reason for his blush seemed to be different. Embarrassment? Shyness? Improper thoughts? He did not know.

"I'll go and get your clothes," Jiang Cheng said and ran out of the room, like his tail was on fire.

The minute Jiang Cheng stepped out of the room, a blood curdling scream tore through Xi Chen's mouth and he bent forward, clutching his chest. Jiang Cheng was by his side in a milli second.

"Zewujun! What's wrong? Healer Wang, what the fuck are you doing standing there?! Do something!" He yelled at the stupefied healer.

"I'm fine. I'm fine," Xi Chen whispered, rubbing at his chest, where just a few seconds back, it had felt like somebody was tearing through his heart. "It's not hurting now."

Jiang Cheng was alarmed. The scream that he had just heard had chilled him to the bones. The scream was filled with so much pain and agony and knowing the Lan's and their strength, Lan Xi Chen must have really been in uncontrollable pain.

The healer checked his pulse and placed a trembling hand on his patient's heart and sent a wave of energy. He could feel Lan Xi Chen's energy, strong and stable, thrumming within him.

"There," the healer faltered, "is-um- uh- nothing wrong with him," and closed his eyes, half expecting to feel the angry sect leader's Zidian on his skin. But nothing hit him. He cracked one eye open and saw the Jiang Sect Leader's cold, unflinching face and twiddled with his thumbs in fear. "There really is nothing wrong with him!"

Jiang Cheng pressed the bridge of his nose and sighed tiredly. He could already feel the incoming headache.

"Jiang Wanyin," Xi Chen said calmly. "I am fine. I have basic healing knowledge and I can assure you, that I am feeling completely fine. The doctor is not wrong in his diagnosis."

"Fine, I am going to take your word for it," he replied with a glare and turned to walk out of the room.

No sooner had he stepped out the room, Lan Xi Chen doubled over and let out another painful scream, scaring the living daylight out of Jiang Cheng and the healer.

Jiang Cheng reappeared by his side and said just three words. “What. The. Fuck.”

“You shouldn’t swear,” Xi Chen replied, panting.

“Seriously?! That’s your priority right now?” Jiang Cheng shouted.

“Jiang Wanyin. I am the patient. Don’t shout at me,” Lan Xi Chen pouted. He was pouting now? What’s next? He was going to grow horns? Looks like Wei Wu Xian was rubbing off on him.

The healer was turning an alarming shade of white. “I swear to God, Jiang Gongzi! Zewujun is perfectly alright! I don’t know what is happening! Please don’t fire me!”

At this point, even Lan Xi Chen was confused.

Just when Jiang Cheng was about to unleash hell on his healer, the healer exclaimed, “Wait a minute! I think I know what is happening!” He turned to Lan Xi Chen and said, “I am going to have to do a small experiment and I apologize in advance if it causes you discomfort.”

“By all means,” Xi Chen agreed, with a swing of his arm.

“Jiang Gongzi, you should leave,” the healer stated, fidgeting on his feet.

Jiang Cheng narrowed his eyes at the healer but did as asked. Again, the second he stepped out of the door, Lan Xi Chen yelled out in pain.

“I really don’t know what is wrong with him,” the healer began

Jiang Cheng really wanted to strangle himself with Zidian. Or the healer. Seriously, what kind of doctor says ‘I don’t know’ to a patient. If the doctor was Nie Huiasang, then maybe yes.

Before Jiang Cheng could do something drastic, the healer added, “Whatever is happening to him, is happening only when you leave the room, Jiang Gongzi.”

“You can’t give a diagnosis, so you’re blaming me now?” Jiang Cheng gritted out. Good Lord, his patience was running out.

“Hold on, let me show you,” the healer said and walked out of the room. “You’re not feeling anything, are you, Zewujun?” he asked from the doorway.

“No,” Lan Xi Chen replied, the gears in his mind already in motion.

The healer walked back into the room and indicated Jiang Cheng to leave. When Lan Xi Chen doubled over in pain again, the healer smiled, proud of his accomplishment.

“So you’re telling me, that every time I separate from him, he’ll be in pain?” Jiang Cheng asked again, still dubious.

“It’s likely that he has been unknowingly cursed to stay within ten feet of someone. I don’t know how you became that someone,” he answered and turned to Lan Xi Chen, who was lost in his thoughts. “Something must have happened last night, Zewujun. You are missing something important in your story. I have done my job as a healer. Figuring out this mystery is your job now. I have to go check on Old Lady Yi. Please excuse me,” he said and left the room after giving them both a deep bow.

Jiang Cheng stared at the first Jade of Lan, wondering what he was supposed to do now. Lan Xi Chen, himself, did not look any better than him.

“Soooo,” Jiang Cheng drawled.

“I don’t know, Jiang Wanyin,” Xi Chen replied awkwardly. “But until we find a solution for this, I will have to impose on you. Apologies.”

Jiang Cheng’s heart did not skip a beat. It did not skip a beat at all. “I am going to send a letter to Wei Wu Xian and inform him about our situation.”

Lan Xi Chen gave him a knowing smile. He wasn’t an idiot. He knew what the Jiang Sect Leader was doing. He was killing two birds with one stone.

Looks like it was finally time for Jiang Cheng to send a letter to his adoptive brother.

Chapter End Notes

Lan Wang Ji and Wei Wuxian will be making an appearance in the next chapter.. Do let me know what you think of this chapter! The details regarding the curse will be disclosed soon! XD

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Wei Wuxian receives a concerning letter from Yunmeng Jiang..

Chapter Notes

Hello, my lovelies! Here's chapter 2! Hope you guys like it! XD

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

Wei Wuxian sat in the clearing, Chenqing poised at his lips as he played the familiar tunes of WangXian. The little rabbits pitter-pattered around him, maintaining a suspicious distance from the man with the flute, as the latter tended to make abrupt movements, least bothered about the tiny little lives around him. He heard the light but hurried footsteps, which could only belong to his son, Lan Sizhui, and continued playing the song while waiting for his son's arrival.

“Wei-Qianbei!” Sizhui greeted enthusiastically with a bow. “A letter appeared at the gates. It's from Yunmeng.”

His hold on Chenqing faltered along with a hitch in his breath, as he stared at his son, eyes wide with unhidden surprise. He immediately plucked the letter out of Sizhui's hand, tore open the envelope and skimmed through the letter. Wei Wuxian would be lying if he said that he did not wait for his brother to contact him. After all, the ball was in his court. It was up to him to decide if he still wanted Wei Wuxian as a brother or if he was going to hate the man that he had grown up with. But Wei Wuxian hoped that his brother could forgive him and move on from the past.

The letter was precise with minimum words and the contents of it worried Wuxian.

‘Wei Wuxian,

Zewujun is in Lotus Pier. I need you to get here as soon as possible.

Jiang Cheng.’

It had been his idea to convince Lan Xi Chen to go on a night hunt claiming that it would be good for him. The mere fact that Lan Xi Chen had somehow reached Lotus Pier in just under a day did not sit well with Wei Wuxian. He gave the letter a once over. Looks like his brother

was still a man of few words. But Wei Wuxian decided to focus on the little details. Like ‘*I need you*’. Wei Wuxian was at least happy that his brother needed him.

He jumped to his feet, ungracefully. The rabbits squeaked out of the way and Sizhui let out a startled yell, fearing for his other father’s precious rabbits.

“Wei Qianbei! Please be careful around the rabbits!” Sizhui chided.

“Aiya, A-Yuan! They are rabbits. Don’t worry about them. They are supposed to have fast reflexes,” he laughed. “I have to go find Lan Zhan now. I’ll see you later,” he said, walking away with Chenqing in one hand and the letter in another.

Wei Ying walked into the Jingshi to find his husband dutifully grading the disciples’ papers. Ah, his husband. Such a beauty.

“Lan Zhan,” he called out, walking closer and taking a seat next to him. “A letter has arrived from Yunmeng.”

Wang Ji froze and then quirked a thin brow as he took the letter from his husband’s outstretched hand. He scanned through the letter and the minute widening of his eyes was enough to express his worry.

“XiongZhang is in Lotus Pier? How did he reach there so soon? And *why*?” he asked, lips curled in displeasure. Although, it had been three years since the truth had come to light, Wang Ji’s resentment towards Wei Wuxian’s Shidi ran deep. ‘*Do not hold resentment towards others,*’ said the Lan Rules. ‘*Rules be damned,*’ thought Wang Ji.

“I have no idea, Lan Zhan,” Wu Xian replied, leaning against his husband. “Considering the fact that he sent us a letter stating that he needs us is a little worrying. We should leave at the earliest. It’ll take us less than two days by sword. You’ll have to carry me,” he said with a cute pout and wide eyes.

“Mn. We’ll leave tonight,” Wang Ji replied, placing a soft kiss on his husband’s pout.

“Promise me, you’ll not start a war, once we reach Lotus Pier,” Wei Wuxian said, holding out his pinky finger.

Lan Wang Ji gave his husband an expression one could only explain as distaste. Protecting and loving Jiang Cheng even after everything that happened, Lan Wang Ji would never be able to understand his husband. “I’ll try,” he gritted out, ignoring his husband’s wiggling pinky finger. Why make a promise if he was not going to be able to keep it?

“You do know that I love him right? He will always be my little brother. I have no family left, Lan Zhan. As long as he wants me in his life, I will never abandon him. Not again,” Wei Wuxian explained, lips upturned.

“You have me. You have XiongZhang. You have Sizhui. And Jing Yi.” The way he said ‘Jing Yi’ was more like ‘*I can’t believe I’m going to say this*’. “We are your family too,” Lan Zhan countered.

“Of course you are. You are my family now. But he is the family that I grew up with. Shijie is no longer by my side, Lan Zhan. Just like she’s no longer by A-Cheng’s side. He is all that I have and I am all that he has. I missed Jin Ling’s childhood. I never got a chance to be his Jiujiu. But now that I am here, I want to be in his life. And I want him in my life too. I want them both in my life,” Wei Wuxian said with a sad, nostalgic smile.

Lan Zhan knew that he had lost the argument the second Wei Wuxian mentioned his Shijie. Lan Wang Ji could not say that he knew the late Madam Jiang well. But the few occasions that he met her, he could say that she was an angel. And above all, she loved Wei Wuxian. So much that she rushed into a battlefield for him. Jiang Yan Li was a major part of Wei Wuxian’s life and her death had caused him to lose a part of himself. It had been sixteen years, since her death and Wei Wuxian still woke up in cold sweat, most of the nights.

Wang Ji sighed tiredly and placed a chaste kiss on his husband’s forehead. It was his way of saying, *‘I’ll try my best to not stab Jiang Wanyin.’*

And for Wei Wuxian, that was enough.

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After getting Lan Xi Chen dressed in a pair of lavender robes (No, he absolutely did not mentally gush about how good Lan Xi Chen looked in his colors at all!), Jiang Cheng continued about his day as per his usual routines. The only difference in his routine was that Lan Xi Chen followed him around like a lost puppy. It’s not like either of them could complain about their predicament. After all, it is what it is.

Jiang Cheng could not deny the fact that he liked having somebody around at all times. He was used to being alone, except for the rare occasions when Jin Ling would visit and annoy the fuck out of him. Oh, who was he kidding. He loved that brat! But having another man around, especially a man like Lan Xi Chen, who silently tended to his own business, so as to not disturb his benefactor in his Sect Leader duties, was different. He would either be playing the Xiao or silently meditating in the corner of the assembly hall, while Jiang Cheng tended to his pile of ridiculous and boring complaints or worse, deal with people who came personally to lodge their complaint. The First Jade of Gusu would barely flinch, when Jiang Cheng screamed in fury and chased the people out of the hall, but if observed closely, one would notice the slight movement of his ears and the crinkling around his eyes, indicating his discomfort and amusement, respectively. The disciples and the commoners who had noticed the unusual presence of the First Lan could barely keep their mouths shut from gossiping.

There had been plenty of occasions, when Jiang Cheng had felt a pair of eyes on him but every time he would look up from his work, Lan Xi Chen would either be meditating or his focus would be directed elsewhere.

Sleeping arrangement, was by far the most embarrassing part of their predicament. Even more embarrassing than having Lan Xi Chen sit right outside the folding screen while he took a bath and vice versa. They had both stared at Jiang Cheng’s bed, which was slightly bigger than a single bed and Lan Xi Chen had merely raised a single brow in silent amusement.

Lan Xi Chen was enjoying their situation. He was glad that he had taken his brother-in-law's advice and come out of the confines of their suffocating back mountains. Every minute spent in there was supposed to heal him and help him move on from his mistakes. But all it did, was remind him, time and time again, at how he had failed both his sworn brothers. How he had failed his own brother. How he had failed Wei Wuxian. He could have prevented so many things from happening, if only he hadn't been blinded by his love for his sworn brother, Meng Yao.

However, for the first time in three years, he hadn't thought of Jin GuangYao even once. He was having the time of his life just watching Jiang Cheng squirm every time he laid his eyes on the man in purple. Often at times, he caught himself staring at the younger Sect Leader and observing his animated facial expressions. Which was mainly anger oriented. He even admired the way he dealt with the people who got on his nerves. Oh, how he wished he could do it too. To put it simply, Lan Xi Chen was having fun. A lot.

"Uh," Jiang Cheng began, scratching the back of his head. "You can take the bed. I'll sleep on the floor."

"Oh, no. I wouldn't want to be the cause of your discomfort, Jiang Wanyin," Lan Xi Chen said shaking his head.

"It's no problem, Zewujun. I can manage," Jiang Cheng replied.

"Please call me Xi Chen. I hate it when you call me Zewujun," Xi Chen muttered with an exasperated frown. His eyes widened comically and a blush began coating his cheeks and ears, when he realized what he had just said. "Uh- I mean,-um- I would rather you call me Xi Chen. Please."

Jiang Cheng gaped at the tint of red fanning across Xi Chen's cheeks and could not help his own face from burning aflame. He had never seen the First Jade blush. Ever. It was beautiful. "Xi Chen," he said softly. "You don't have to worry about propriety between us. Just take the bed."

It was the first time Lan Xi Chen had heard his name from Jiang Cheng's mouth and it was safe to say that he liked it. Loved it. "The bed is big enough for the both of us," he suggested, slyly. "And the weather is cold, Jiang Wanyin. You'll freeze yourself on the floor. I am already imposing on you. I wouldn't want to be responsible for your untimely death. The great Sandu Shengshou froze himself to death on the floor of his own house does not have a nice ring to it." *'Where was all this confidence coming from'*, Lan Xi Chen wondered.

Jiang Cheng sputtered. "I-I-I to-o-ss and turn a lot in my sleep," he replied hurriedly.

"Don't worry. I will catch you if you roll off the bed," Xi Chen tossed with a smirk. And before Jiang Cheng could give another reason about snoring, Lan Xi Chen quickly added, "I have no problem if you snore. I am not bragging but we Lans are really good at muting noises."

"Oh, um," Jiang Cheng blushed, his mouth incapable of forming words. He had officially run out of reasons. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath, poisoning himself. What was the big

deal with sharing a bed? It's not like he was sleeping with a woman. And he was not gay. Or at least he didn't think he was. Or who knows? Maybe he was. He didn't think his brother was gay. But look how that turned out.

"It's decided then," Xi Chen declared, not giving the other man an option to decline. "I'll take the left," he said, moving towards the bed.

Lan Xi Chen started taking off his outer robes and Jiang Cheng shrieked. "Why are you taking off your clothes?!"

"Jiang Wanyin, you can't possibly expect me to sleep in these heavy robes," he answered teasingly. He was loving whatever it is that he was doing. Every single reaction from the Jiang Sect Leader was making it worth it. To be honest, Lan Xi Chen knew that he was behaving unlike himself. His brain was screaming at him to stop and was playing the Gusu Lan rules on a loop. *Do not embarrass yourself. Do not embarrass others. Do not tease.* But his heart. Oh, his heart. He didn't know what was happening to him but he seemed to quite like it.

Jiang Cheng calmed his racing heart and decided to just go to sleep, lest he make any more of a fool of himself. After disrobing, he joined Lan Xi Chen on the bed. Lan Xi Chen was on his back, his hands on his chest, the typical sleeping position of the Lans. And since they were such sticklers for timings, he was out within seconds. Jiang Cheng blew out the lanterns with a single sweep of his hand and sighed deeply staring at the ceiling, the feel of Lan Xi Chen's arm against his, spreading a blooming warmth through his body. Lan Xi Chen was breaking walls that he had taken so long to build and he really did not mind it one bit. He turned to sleep on his side, his entire body as stiff as a log and forced himself to fall asleep. After all, if his brother and brother in law were to make an appearance tomorrow, it was going to be a long day.

Chapter End Notes

So? What'd you think? I know this chapter was more of a filler but things will surely get interesting in the next!

JiuJiu: Uncle (Mother's brother)

Shidi: Younger martial brother

Qianbei: Senior

XiongZhang: Older brother (Formal)

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Jiang Cheng wakes up from a warm and dreamy sleep.

Chapter Notes

Hello, my beautiful readers! Here's chapter 3! Hope you like it! XD

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

Lan Xi Chen was in a bit of a situation. He could not move. Jiang Cheng hadn't been joking when he had said that he tossed and turned in his sleep. Half of his body was currently draped on the First Jade of Lan, the heavy body blanketing him. Jiang Cheng's head was on his chest, his hands and legs splayed over Xi Chen's waist and thighs, respectively.

It was already five in the morning, Lan Xi Chen's time to wake up. But he could not bring himself to move away from the sleeping figure, fearing that he would disturb the younger man's sleep. He kind of liked having a warm body snuggled up to him and could finally understand his brother's obsession with cuddles.

The first time he had caught Wang Ji snuggling up to Wei Wuxian, it was safe to say that he had been shocked. His brother, his little brother who hated skin contacts was cuddling with his husband. But the appearance of Wei Wuxian had changed that for the best. Wang Ji was now, for the lack of a better word, more human. His facial expressions had become more prominent, he had stopped reciting rules as an answer to everything, he would occasionally break rules wherever Wei Wu Xian was concerned and above all, he was happy. He even smiled more often and seeing his brother smile, brought Lan Xi Chen a lot of joy.

Lan Xi Chen lifted his head slightly, watching the sleeping, innocent face of the feared Sandu Shengshou. Right now, at that very moment, he looked like a harmless baby, with soft snores escaping him. Since the Jiang's did not follow strict sleep routines, five a.m. was still midnight for them. Lan Xi Chen thought it'd be best to just go back to sleep. After all, should the man in his arms wake, he would definitely jump out and run away (or maybe not, considering their situation). So Lan Xi Chen wrapped an arm around Jiang Cheng's back and treasured every second that he had left with the Jiang Sect Leader in his arms.

Jiang Cheng snuggled against the hard mattress and froze. Hard? Did he fall off the bed again? He lifted his head with a groan and with his foggy eyes, caught the amused eyes of his roommate? Bedmate? Whatever the hell Lan Xi Chen was. His eyes widened animatedly and he yelped, pushing himself away from the now smiling older Jade.

“You weren’t lying when you said that you toss and turn, Jiang Wanyin,” Lan Xi Chen teased, his voice deep and gravelly.

Jiang Cheng scratched the back of his head, completely flustered. It was too early for his brain to provide an answer. That combined with the rich, rough voice of the older Jade, his brain had gone numb. Fortunately for him, he was saved from answering by two sharp knocks on his door.

“Jiang Zongzhu! The disciples have already gathered in the training grounds. Should we start our routine?” came a soft but bold voice through the door.

Shit. Jiang Cheng must have overslept. In his defense, who wouldn’t oversleep when you are engulfed in such a warm embrace. His eyes strayed to the Lan, who was now sitting against the bed, not a hair out of place, one leg bent at ninety degrees, looking like a seductress tempting him back to bed. And tempted he was. Jiang Cheng was pretty sure he was drooling.

“Zongzhu?” came the voice, drifting through the door.

Jiang Cheng mentally slapped himself awake and turned to the door. “Xiao Ming,” he snapped, his neck turning red. “Start with the drills. I’ll be there in a few minutes.”

Only when he heard the footsteps recede did he turn to face his tempter. “I am sorry Zewujun, but your bath will have to wait. I have to get to the training grounds,” he said, pulling on his training attire. He knew that the Lans had a habit of training every day and passed another set of robes to the man on his bed.

Lan Xi Chen accepted the deep purple clothes with a smile and a soft thanks and after washing their face with some lukewarm water, grabbed their swords and made their way to the grounds.

<<< >>>

Lan Xi Chen followed Jiang Cheng to the training grounds where the disciples, shockingly enough, were doing their drills in a very disciplined manner. Jiang Cheng strode to the front and stood with his feet apart, hands folded on his chest, Sandu clenched in his right fist.

“Pair up and start sparring!” Jiang Cheng bellowed, looking every bit like the Sandu Shengshou that he was.

Lan Xi Chen was lost as to what exactly he was supposed to do. He stared helplessly at the disciples, who were currently indulged in hand to hand combat and decided that it’d be best to just practice his Gusu sword techniques. He moved to a corner of the ground and pulled out Shuoyue, carefully placing the scabbard against a nearby wall and started gliding across

the area, hands and legs maneuvering in swift, memorized movements, sword cutting through the air, unbeknownst to the attention that he was capturing.

The flurry of purple to their left, caught the attention of the disciples and just like that, the disciples went from hand to hand combat to shamelessly gaping at the graceful Lan, who looked like a God that had descended from heaven.

While the disciples were focused on the impeccable movements, Jiang Cheng's gaze was on the warrior himself. He stared at the Lan's golden eyes that seemed to burn with fire, his creased forehead indicating his focus, the clench of his jaws that accentuated his sharp jawline and the way his arms flexed at every movement. If Jiang Cheng was drooling, he sure as hell hoped that his disciples hadn't noticed.

Jiang Cheng finally moved his eyes from the beauty incarnated, and turned to his own disciples. But what he saw and heard, made him see red. His disciples were now blatantly ogling the older Lan and some were even blushing, like a couple of young girls. *Utterly shameless.*

"Do you think Zewujun would go for a man like me?" one said, looking like a freaking tomato.

"No wonder he's first on the list of cultivators. With a face like that and a body like *that*, I'd be too," said another, with hearts in his eyes.

"What the fuck are you all looking at?!" Jiang Cheng yelled, completely red from anger and wildly swinging Zidian. "Get lost, all of you! Bunch of useless shits! Get lost before I chop you into pieces."

Lan Xi Chen's dance of grace came to an abrupt halt at the sudden, loud commotion. The juniors yelped and jumped out of the way, missing the stinging whips of Zidian by a hair's length. They ran out of the training grounds, screams lodged in their throats, dragging behind a young disciple that had swiftly passed out, the minute his Sect Leader had started to rage. Now, it's not like the disciples feared their Sect Leader. They adored and respected the man that had single handedly rebuilt an entirely wiped out Sect and gave them all a second chance at life. But their Sect Leader had one teeny tiny problem. He was easily enraged. And the disciples knew better than to confront him when he was in one of his raging episodes.

Jiang Cheng closed his eyes with a shuddering breath and pinched the bridge of his nose, shocked at his own outburst. He did not know where that came from. He could already feel a pair of eyes boring into his head. Now that the fury had passed, embarrassment was soon seeping in. He could not believe that he had lost control for a man. In front of the said man. Why was he so affected by the words of his disciples? It's not like what they had said wasn't true. Was he perhaps *jealous*?

"Jiang Wanyin," came a soft but firm voice, causing Jiang Cheng to snap his eyes open. He slowly met the eyes of the older Lan and stood stunned at what he was witnessing. The Lan's eyes were burning. And if Jiang Cheng was not wrong, it was the same burning he had seen on numerous occasions in the eyes of the younger Lan. *Desire.* Lan Xi Chen's eyes were

burning with desire. “How about a sparring match?” he asked with a smirk, raising a challenging brow, smoothly ignoring the outburst of the younger man.

“You want to spar with me?” Jiang Cheng asked ridiculously, pointing a finger to himself.

“I’ve heard that the great Sandu Shengshou has amazing sparring skills. Now that I’m here, why don’t we test it?” Xi Chen said nonchalantly, a predatory glint in his eyes. He wanted Jiang Cheng to take the bait, so that he could reel him in like a fish.

Jiang Cheng was being challenged. He couldn’t not accept the challenge. It was now a matter of his pride. And he couldn’t lose either. He was The Sandu Shengshou. “Get ready to fall on your ass, Zewujun,” he smirked, confidently.

Lan Xi Chen laughed without any restraints and Jiang Cheng had to mentally slap himself from writing poetry on his laughter. They stood face to face, stable hands holding onto their swords and took on a fighting stance.

Jiang Cheng swung first. Lan Xi Chen effortlessly blocked the attack with his sword and with a slight tilt of his hand, pushed Sandu with all his might. To outsiders, they would only be a flurry of purple robes, fluttering in the wind. They zipped past each other, each attacking and defending with their own techniques, the clanking of swords reverberating through the air.

Jiang Cheng pulled back his sword and with one mighty shout, went right for the throat. No, he wasn’t going to hurt the man. Not a kind and gentle man like Lan Xi Chen. Not a man that he was currently crushing on. *Hard*. He was getting tired, and their foreplay needed to end. Lan Xi Chen side stepped the younger Sect Leader, grabbed the wrist holding Sandu and Jiang Cheng immediately grabbed his sword in his other hand, naturally ambidextrous. But Lan Xi Chen was not done. His hold on Jiang Cheng’s wrist tightened and he very gently but quickly pulled his hand, whirling the younger Sect Leader, trapping him in the cage of his arms.

Jiang Cheng was shocked that he did not suffer from a whiplash at the sudden, unusual movement. The front of his body hit the hard chest of the older Lan, slightly stinging from the impact. He could see that the other man was tired too. Beads of sweat dripped from their forehead and they breathed heavily. Jiang Cheng was close. His face was very close to Lan Xi Chen’s. If he would just tilt his head forward, he would be able to capture those deliciously plump lips. It’d really be a dream come true for him. He caught Lan Xi Chen’s eyes and gasped at the now familiar burning in his eyes. His golden orbs were definitely burning with desire and Jiang Cheng was pretty sure that his were too.

Lan Xi Chen tightened his arms around the caged Jiang Cheng. He could feel the heat from the body in his arms and it made something unusual but welcome rear its head within him. Carnal desire. He wanted the man in his arms. He desired the man in his arms. He wanted to kiss him senseless, until the man in his arms would moan his name and writhe in pleasure. He tilted his head lightly and leaned closer. Jiang Cheng followed. He could feel the other man’s hot and heavy breath on his lips. A little more and they would finally meet. A little more and Lan Xi Chen would lose his first kiss.

Jiang Cheng did not like whatever game the older Lan was playing. But did he want to continue participating? Damn right, he did. He hadn't felt so exhilarated and alive in a very long time. They were both very much aware that they were treading on uncharted territory. Throwing caution to the wind, Jiang Cheng leaned closer, his hands creeping up the hard chest and he could almost feel the sensual smile on the lips of the other ghosting against his own.

Just when their lips were about to meet, their noses bumped. Lan Xi Chen frowned at his own interruption and Jiang Cheng squinted at his nose. What the-?

Jiang Cheng moved his head a little and at the same time, Lan Xi Chen moved his head too. Their noses bumped again and Lan Xi Chen groaned in frustration. Jiang Cheng tried again, leaning forward-

"Get the fuck away from my brother!" came a thunderous growl from the doorway.

"You know, if one tilts his head on one side and the other on another side, your noses won't come in the way," came another amused voice at the same time.

"Wei Ying!" came the same angry growl, now reprimanding.

Jiang Cheng and Lan Xi Chen's eyes snapped to the entrance. There stood an amused Wei Wu Xian, holding back a livid Lan Wang Ji, Bichen unsheathed, glaring daggers at the Jiang Sect Leader.

Chapter End Notes

So, what do you think of this chapter?! I know it's more about thirst than anything else.. But I'm better at thirsting than writing angst! So I hope you enjoyed it! Next chapter will provide more details about the curse... So stay tuned!

Zongzhu: Sect Leader

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

The curse of love...

Chapter Notes

Hello, Ladies and Gentlemen! Here's Chapter 4! Hope you guys like it!
For the next two weeks updates might be a little slow as I will be having my finals.. So
Good luck to me!
So keep reading and leave me you thoughts! XD

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

Jiang Cheng and Lan Xi Chen stared at the duo, still in a daze. Lan Xi Chen finally stepped away from Jiang Cheng with a forlorn sigh, and shot a glare at the newly arrived duo for interrupting their moment. He cleared his throat, mentally preparing himself to deal with his angry brother and his hyper brother-in-law. Jiang Cheng on the other hand, flushed under Wang Ji's scathing glare.

"Well, well, well," Wu Xian began, still cackling and holding back a furious Lan Wang Ji. "Looks like you two are enjoying yourselves. Lan Zhan, there really was no need for us to hurry."

"Wei Ying," Wang Ji chided, face twisting in disgust. Jiang Cheng with his brother? Over his dead body!

"Oh come on, Lan Zhan! This is funny!" Wei Wuxian giggled, wiggling his brows at his brother and brother-in-law. "Seems like Xi Chen Ge is going to become my brother-in-law, in a whole other sense!"

"Wei Wuxian! Shut up before I break your legs!" Jiang Cheng yelled, mortified.

"A-Xian," Xi Chen said in a tone, that was borderline pleading, his face aflame. "Please stop."

"Fine fine! But just because you asked so nicely!" Wei Wuxian smirked. "So brother," he said turning to Jiang Cheng. "Aren't you gonna welcome me?"

Jiang Cheng made a face.

“It’s rude to insult your guests,” Wang Ji said curtly, his fists tightening around Bichen. No, he was not going to let this purple faced man insult his husband.

“Aiya, Lan Zhan! Put Bichen away before you decide to go on a rampage,” Wei Wuxian whined.

Wang Ji sighed but did as asked.

“Why don’t we all go in and talk about this in a peaceful manner?” Xi Chen suggested, fixing a pointed look at his brother. He knew about Wang Ji’s aversion towards Jiang Cheng. And he didn’t blame him for it either. But they had all come a long way since those unfortunate incidents and it was time to move on. For all parties involved. He just hoped that his ever calm brother refrained himself from doing anything drastic.

Jiang Cheng nodded and guided them all to the main hall, where they settled behind individual short tables. Except for Wei Wuxian, who plopped down rather unceremoniously next to his husband and draped himself on the latter’s arm, smiling up at him like a love sick fool.

“You are really thick skinned,” Jiang Cheng muttered under his breath, causing Lan Xi Chen to huff out a laugh, having been the only one who heard it.

“Trust me, it gets worse,” Xi Chen whispered back.

Wang Ji frowned at his brother who had chosen to occupy a seat right next to the Jiang Sect Leader, instead of his side.

“Wang Ji,” Xi Chen warned, having noticed his brother’s expression causing the latter to look away begrudgingly.

“So,” Wu Xian drawled out, smiling teasingly “what did you need me for, my dearest Shidi?”

“Who said I needed you?!” Jiang Cheng snapped.

“Uh, you did. In your letter, you wrote and I quote, ‘I need you to get here asap’,” Wu Xian smiled.

“I don’t need you! Xi Chen needs you!” he said completely flustered, pointing a hurried finger at the smiling man.

“It’s Zewujun for you,” Wang Ji said in a clipped tone, his face as blank as a paper.

“Actually, Wang Ji,” Xi Chen said in a dangerously calm voice, done with his brother’s inexcusable behavior, “I told him to call me Xi Chen.”

“XiongZhang!” Wang Ji groaned, irked at his brother’s behavior.

“Looks like my brother has finally made an influence on you, Hanguangjun. You seem to have become more,” Jiang Cheng paused, one hand moving mindlessly in the air, trying to find a suitable word, “*human*.”

“Well, at least it’s better than you, who’s still an angry grape,” Wang Ji sneered.

Lan Xi Chen was watching the whole exchange with a tired shake of his head while Wei Wuxian snorted. Who would have thought that the great Hanguangjun had learned the art of name calling? And very poorly at that.

“Enough, you two,” Wei Wuxian said, putting an end to their immature banter. “Now,” he turned to Lan Xi Chen, “Xi Chen Ge, care to explain to us as to what exactly you are doing in Lotus Pier?”

“I don’t know,” Xi Chen answered in his most sincere voice. “I really don’t know.”

“You sounded just like Huaisang for a minute there,” Wu Xian said with a shudder. “No, seriously. What are you doing here?”

“A-Xian. I really don’t know,” Xi Chen repeated, stressing on each word. “I was walking through Caiyi and decided to check on the situation in Moling, now that it is under Gusu again. I spent the day walking around, trying new desserts and even visited a tea house in the area. I have to say, I never thought tea houses could be interesting but the whole experience was so fascinating. There were people from a troupe, who were performing a play on The adventures of HanguangJun and the Yiling Patriarch. Having had the opportunity to witness your adventures in real life, I have to say the play, although interesting and funny, was way more dramatic than the real deal. And the man that was playing Wang Ji was so hilarious. He didn’t act anything like Wang Ji. The man-,” he paused, realizing that he was ranting quite animatedly, his hands moving with his rant and smiled embarrassedly at the three amused faces blinking at him. “Sorry, it seems that I’ve gone off topic.”

“It’s alright Xi Chen Ge. Having watched one of these plays myself, I totally understand,” Wu Xian nodded, sympathetically. “They actually think that the great Hanguangjun, with his power of love and righteousness, managed to tame the untamed Yiling Laozu. If anything, it’s me who has turned your brother into an untamed rascal,” he chuckled.

“You’re not untamed,” Wang Ji said with a soft frown.

“He just called you a rascal and that’s what you have to say?” Jiang Cheng asked, a silent ‘What the fuck’ hiding in his tone.

“He’s my husband. He can call me whatever he wants,” Wang Ji replied coldly.

“Aiya, Lan Zhan! Such a fuddy duddy!” Wei Wuxian said, smiling up at his husband with hearts in his eyes.

Jiang Cheng grimaced. *Ew*.

“Anyways,” Lan Xi Chen continued before his brother and brother-in-law could their shameless flirting to the next level, “I booked an inn and went to bed. And the next thing I know, I was waking up in the infirmary in Lotus Pier.”

“I found him in the middle of the night, lying drenched on the Pier. He had no belongings with him. Nothing,” Jiang Cheng added. “And he wasn’t waking up either. I panicked and took him to the infirmary. Healer Wang checked on him and found everything to be normal.”

Wang Ji stared at the Jiang Sect Leader apprehensively, but after what he had just heard, Wang Ji’s ire towards the man had reduced. Just a teeny tiny bit. The man did help his one and only precious brother. He always knew that the Jiang Sect Leader was a decent human being. But Wang Ji was biased. And he was reluctant to let go of that bias.

“O-okay,” Wu Xian drawled. “That is weird. You have no recollection as to how you got here at all?” he asked Xi Chen.

“As I mentioned earlier, I went to sleep in an inn in Moling and I woke up here,” Xi Chen repeated, stressing on each word.

“There’s something else,” Jiang Cheng added. “Xi Chen and I cannot be away from each other for more than ten feet.”

“What do you mean?” Wang Ji asked warily.

“Let me show you,” Jiang Cheng said, getting on his feet. He sent an apology through his eyes to the older Lan and walked away from him.

Lan Xi Chen doubled over in pain and Jiang Cheng immediately rushed back, crouching next to a bent over Lan Xi Chen, the latter rubbing his chest.

Wang Ji jumped at the guttural groan that had left his brother’s lips and his own heart squeezed in pain. Lan Xi Chen was his beloved brother after all and seeing him in pain was not something that Wang Ji wanted to see. Watching his brother destroy himself for three years, was more than enough for this lifetime.

“See?” Jiang Cheng gestured to a panting Lan Xi Chen.

“Say, Xi Chen Ge,” began Wu Xian, rubbing his nose thoughtfully. “Did you perhaps meet an old lady who asked for help?”

“How did you-,” Xi Chen fumbled.

“You did, didn’t you? Now wonder,” Wuxian said with a forlorn sigh.

“You know what’s going on?” Jiang Cheng asked, relief coating his voice. Even Wang Ji stared at his husband with hope in his eyes.

“I know what is going on. But there is nothing that I can do to help,” Wu Xian said grimly. “Xi Chen ge, I know that you are a naturally kind and helpful man. But please tell me that you helped that old hag and did not refuse her,” he continued with hopeful eyes.

“I helped carry her firewood all the way till her hut,” Xi Chen confirmed, thoroughly confused with Wuxian’s question.

Wuxian heaved a sigh of relief. He took a minute to gather his thoughts and looked at the three men staring at him, with varying degrees of affection. “Okay,” he began, steeling himself. “So when I was in Yiling, all those years ago, I had heard about this old woman who would ask random strangers for help and would then curse them.”

“Why the hell would she do that?!” Jiang Cheng asked outrageously.

“I have no fucking clue. She was a weirdo and very mischievous. But there had been quite a few people who were dying from sudden stabs of pain in their heart. So naturally, my interest was piqued. I did some research and found that all these people had one thing in common. They had all met an old woman who asked for help. It was only after that encounter, they started suffering from weird, unexplainable symptoms. I found out that most of the people that died from these pains, had refused to help her,” he narrated. He watched his husband, brother and brother-in-law, all staring at him in complete confusion. “Basically, the ones who helped her, would randomly and unknowingly appear at a familiar person’s residence and they would start feeling an instant attraction towards the person that they saw first on waking. And they would also suffer from the same symptoms as you are doing now, Xi Chen Ge. In most of these cases, the love story tended to work out and they would end up getting married and living together normally and happily.”

“In most cases?” Wang Ji interrupted, suddenly fearful of knowing further. This matter involved his brother after all.

“Yes. In very *very* rare occasions, if there was absolutely no hope for the couple to work it out, then the effects of the curse would eventually wear out and they could then go about their lives as usual. But if a person refuses to help her or insults her in any way, then hell hath no fury like a woman scorned,” he said, rubbing his forehead. “Just like the others, she would curse them with love but that hag would make sure that she curses them to fall for somebody that would never love them back. So eventually they end up dying because of heart break.”

“So she just curses them all with love? What kind of a curse is that?” Jiang Cheng asked, astonished.

“She’s crazy,” Wei Wuxian said with a careless shrug.

“Where the hell can we find this ungrateful bitch who curses people that help her?” Jiang Cheng growled, Zidian sparkling to life on his fingers.

And for once, Wang Ji shared the same sentiments.

“Wanyin! Don’t call an old woman a bitch!” Xi Chen exclaimed, looking pretty scandalized.

Wei Wuxian and Jiang Cheng, being the professional swearers that they were, merely shot him a look. *‘Did he just defend a woman that cursed him?’* Jiang Cheng’s eyes conveyed to his brother. Even Wang Ji shot his brother a look of pure disbelief. Wei Wuxian sighed.

“To answer your question, A-Cheng, we can’t,” Wu Xian replied, honestly.

“What do you mean by we can’t?!” Jiang Cheng sputtered, feeling the anger in his bones.

“Trust me A-Cheng, I’ve tried searching for her. And so have many other people. Nobody knows where to look. And her appearance keeps changing too. I don’t even know what she is. A human? A ghost? A witch? Nobody knows. Everybody just refers to her as the Love Guru. After one point, everybody stopped looking for her because it was pointless and she was relatively harmless. Why waste time on her when you can redeem the world of scary and harmful ghosts and wraiths? It’s not like she was wreaking havoc in the world, like I did,” Wei Wuxian added with a derisive laugh.

“So,” Xi Chen drawled, finally finding his voice. “There’s nothing that can be done?”

“No, Xi Chen Ge,” Wu Xian replied. “But what are the odds of you ending up in Lotus Pier. Maybe the old hag has good foresight? Maybe she saw something,” he looked at Lan Xi Chen mysteriously with a twinkle in his eyes, as if he knew something that the others didn’t. Lan Xi Chen frowned dubiously. “Just imagine if you had ended up in Qinghe with Nie Huaisang.”

Everybody shuddered.

“I still don’t get one thing. What if the first person I saw on waking up was somebody other than Jiang Wanyin? Like the healer. He was in the room too,” Xi Chen prodded.

“I can’t really answer that question, Xi Chen Ge. But the mere fact that you landed in Lotus Pier means that it was Jiang Cheng that you were meant to see, and you did. Because you don’t know anybody else in this Sect. I don’t know what that old woman was thinking but you’re really lucky that it wasn’t Healer Wang that you saw first because he’s already married and his wife is a very scary woman!” he joked.

There was a minute of silence as everyone processed the load of information that had just been brought to light.

“So, all of this is happening because Xi Chen was cursed?” Jiang Cheng asked in a really small voice, suddenly feeling the weight of the recent turn of events and his own insecurities. Of course. Why else would the great Zewujun suddenly show interest in him? He was already black listed by the entire cultivation world. It took a curse for someone to show interest in him. For someone to love him. Hell, it took a curse for him to have his brother in his house again. He wanted to laugh at his own foolishness for letting in a spark of hope in his life. He wanted to cry because he could feel his own heart twist with pain. All he wanted to do was run away and hide and wallow in self-pity. But he couldn’t even do that. It was Xi Chen that was cursed but it was Jiang Cheng that was suffering the brunt of it.

Nobody knew what to say. Lan Xi Chen was feeling overwhelmed with the hoard of emotions swirling within him and he honestly did not know what to feel. He was feeling guilt. So much guilt, for putting Jiang Cheng in that position. And confusion. He was so confused. He didn’t know if his feelings for the man were genuine or was it just attributed to

the curse he was under. And he did not want to hurt Jiang Cheng. Although, it seemed like the damage had already been done.

Lan Wang Ji had finally stopped staring at Jiang Cheng like he was a criminal. After all, in their current situation, he was but a victim. Lan Wang Ji was a righteous man, if not anything. He would never curse even his worst enemy to the pain of love and longing. And Jiang Cheng wasn't an enemy. He never was.

Wei Wuxian, on the other hand, knew exactly what was going on in his brother's mind. And as much as he wanted to console his brother, he did not want to do it in the presence of the Lan brothers. After all, he first needed to sort out his own relationship with his brother and only then could he worry about being the perfect wingman. He had to talk to his brother. And soon. Because Jiang Cheng was already spiraling down the path of self-depreciation and Wei Wuxian had to do something to stop it, before he lost his brother again.

Chapter End Notes

So? What do you think? Was the curse too stupid? I hope not..
Xiongzhong: Formal way of calling older brother

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Let's mend our broken fences!

Chapter Notes

Hello, my lovelies!!!♥♥♥

Here's chapter 5! Hope you guys like it! This one's got a little about angst and I'm no pro at angst.. So please bear with me!

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

The silence in the room was deafening, Jiang Cheng's pitiful question hanging in the air. Nobody could answer him. Hell, nobody wanted to answer him. And Jiang Cheng himself wasn't sure he wanted to hear the answer. So he did what he does best. He put a lid on his emotions, straightened his back and faced his guests, like that expected of a Sect Leader.

"Wei Wuxian, there's tea in the cupboards behind you. I hope your married life hasn't made you forget how to brew one," he said sarcastically. "I'll go and inform the kitchens to start preparing lunch. Lan Xi Chen?"

"Oh yes," Lan Xi Chen said, snapping out of his thoughts. "I'll come with you."

Jiang Cheng walked out of the room, Lan Xi Chen following closely as they made their way to the kitchens. In desperate need of some space, he informed Lan Xi Chen to wait outside their very tiny kitchen, muttering something about guests and propriety under his breath and entered the kitchens to inform the cook about the guests and their bland cuisine.

It had been three years since Wei Wu Xian had last made an appearance in Lotus Pier and even that was during the Guanyin Temple incident. His love life may be non-existent but he refused to let go of the opportunity to mend fences with his brother. So he was going to go for it. He had a plan and he hoped that it'd work.

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"Aiya, Lan Zhan! Stop worrying so much. Everything is going to be okay," Wei Wuxian consoled his husband, as he watched him pour tea into their cups. No, Wei Wuxian had not

forgotten how to brew tea. But why go through the trouble when he had a perfectly capable husband who loved to pamper him? Who also made better tea than him.

"I just don't like this situation," Wang Ji replied somberly.

"There's nothing that we can do but let the curse run its course. And you never know, Lan Zhan. Maybe something good could come out of it," he said, cheerfully.

"Nothing good can come out of being tangled with Jiang Wanyin," Wang Ji said begrudgingly.

"Hey! That's my brother!" Wei Wuxian defended but looked away at the 'you really want to go there' look that his husband was throwing his way. "Okay fine! Jiang Cheng may be a little rough around the edges. But he's still my Shidi and under that tough exterior lies a baby that wants love and affection. He needs to heal. And so does Xi Chen Ge. What perfect way to heal than to depend on each other? This will be good for them. And I'm going to give it my all to try and become the big brother that Jiang Cheng deserves. No, don't interrupt me," Wei Wuxian said, when Wang Ji opened his mouth to argue, "I don't want to hold onto my past anymore. I don't want anybody to hold onto their past anymore. Not you, not A-Cheng and not Xi Chen Ge. It's high time that we all move on. So, I'm begging you Lan Zhan. Let's just live our today to the fullest," he said with hopeful eyes and a pout. "And you know Xi Chen Ge's motto. 'Every cloud has a silver lining'. He's going to take this curse in stride!"

Wang Ji sighed tiredly. He knew that his husband was right. And if there was any argument ready on his lips, it died the minute his husband fluttered his lashes and put on his cutest 'you can't deny me' pout. "You're right. We should move on," he said and before he could watch Wei Wuxian fist bump the air (Lan Wang Ji is very petty!), he pulled him into his lap and kissed him senseless.

Wei Wuxian swooned into the kiss as his tongue delved into the other's mouth. He pulled away with a gasp, breathing heavily. "What was-," he stopped himself and his eyes widened dramatically as he jumped out of his husband's arms.

"Wei Ying?" Wang Ji questioned, confused at his husband's behavior.

"Do you smell that?" Wei Wuxian asked, like he was in a daze. "Shijie's soup. I can smell Shijie's Lotus and Pork Rib soup!"

Wang Ji's eyes softened at the sudden mention of his late sister-in-law. Knowing how much she meant to his husband, he really wished he had gotten a chance to actually know her.

"Mn," was all he could say.

Wei Wu Xian walked out of the room sniffing after the delicious smell, Wang Ji following him closely.

Lan Xi Chen looked up when he noticed his brother and brother-in-law, and a sharp shake of head from his brother, made the question that he was ready to throw their way, die on his lips. Without sparing his brother-in-law a glance, Wei Wuxian strode into the now empty kitchen

(save for Jiang Cheng) like a man possessed while Wang Ji joined his brother, who was sitting right outside the door.

Wei Wuxian stared at his brother, who was busy stirring a pot of soup, while humming one of Yan Li's lullabies. "When did you learn to make the soup?" he asked, startling Jiang Cheng, who shrieked and clutched the ladle to his chest.

"What the fuck, Wei Wuxian?! You scared the shit out of me!" Jiang Cheng screeched, blushing at the prospect of being caught off guard. After all, he was the Great Sandu Shengshou. He had a reputation to maintain.

"You're making soup," Wei Wuxian stated word by word.

"Yes, and?"

"You're making Shijie's soup," Wei Wuxian said again, dazedly.

Jiang Cheng sighed. He turned his attention back to the steaming soup, stirring it absent mindedly. "When Shijie was about to get married, she taught me how to make the soup. She wanted to teach you too. But knowing your history with cooking, she thought it'd be better to just teach me, rather than give you a reason to burn down a house."

Wei Wuxian ignored the insult and said with a soft voice, "You know, Lan Zhan tried to make Shijie's soup for me."

"Hanguangjun cooks?" Jiang Cheng asked bewildered. He couldn't imagine Wang Ji's pristine self in a kitchen.

Wei Wuxian laughed. "I know. I know. It shocked me too. But he cooks really well. All this weight that I've gained is proof of it!" he said with a smile, pointing at his slightly flabby waist. "As I was saying, he tried making Shijie's soup. It tasted good, obviously. But it wasn't the same."

"I understand. I made this soup so many times in the last sixteen years. I wanted A-Ling to grow up with a memory related to his mother. It tastes almost like hers did. But A-jie's soup is not the same without A-jie," Jiang Cheng replied, softly.

Jiang Cheng added spices to the soup and continued stirring it in silence. Wei Wuxian found an abandoned Lotus pod and taking a seat on a nearby counter, quietly munched on the seeds, both lost in thoughts and old memories. The silence between them was relatively comfortable. Wei Wuxian was just glad that he could be in the same room as his brother without having to pull out their weapons. He activated a silencing talisman, not wanting the Lan brothers guarding the door, to hear their upcoming sappy apologies.

Jiang Cheng covered the pot to let the soup simmer for a while, as he took a seat next to his brother, plucking out some lotus seeds from the latter's hesitant hands. It was time to make amends and Jiang Cheng decided to just rip the band aid off. *No use delaying this any further.* "I hated you back then," Jiang Cheng dived right in, without making any eye contact. "You broke your promise and left me when I needed you the most. Between taking care of A-Jie

and rebuilding the sect, I was so lost and confused. But in your own weird way, you were still protecting me. And I should have done the same. Although I hated you, I hated myself more. When my brother needed me, I wasn't there. I have no right to point fingers at you. But when A-Jie died, I lost it. And then I lost you. I was spurred by my anger and resentment towards you that I did a lot of things. I've got a lot of excuses but there's none that can justify my actions. And you know what's worse? By killing you I made A-Jie's sacrifice completely worthless," he said, a tear falling from his eyes.

Jiang Cheng remembered the time that he had intentionally gotten captured by the Wen guards and lost his core. He had been satisfied back then. Even if he had lost his core, he was happy that he had saved his brother from that fate. But Wei Wuxian being the selfless idiot that he was, had taken that away from him. He would never tell Wei Wuxian about it though. That was one secret he was taking to the grave. "I just," Jiang Cheng hesitated, "I don't want to lose you again."

"A-Cheng," Wei Wuxian said lovingly, eyes red with unshed tears. "When people kept saying that I had Hero Syndrome, I used to laugh. Because for me, I was doing the righteous thing. But now when I think back on it, there were plenty of things that I could have done different. I broke my promise of being your right hand man. I wasn't there when you needed me the most. When Shijie needed me the most. I could have convinced you to help me but I chose to not depend on you. Seriously, all I had to do was ask and you would have agreed, albeit a little begrudgingly," he said with a sardonic laugh. "I was impulsive and easily provoked. And the demonic cultivation definitely did not help. All of you tried to warn me that I wouldn't be able to control it and I couldn't. As you said, we've both got plenty of excuses for our actions but it still won't change what has already happened. It won't bring back the people that we've both lost. We've both made mistakes in the past. But now, I'm right here. As long as you shall have me, I will not be going anywhere."

Jiang Cheng smiled through his tears and grabbed Wei Wuxian's wrist lovingly. His gaze soon turned astonished at what he felt under his palm. "Your golden core!" he gasped, feeling the silent thrums of a budding golden core.

Wei Wuxian gave a genuine smile, pulling Jiang Cheng's hand and placing it on his lower dantian, where his core hummed strongly. "I have been cultivating again. Mo Xuanyu's core was barely existent but with Lan Zhan's help, I've been strengthening it every day. Three years and now I can finally take on Jing Yi in a fight! Soon I'll be able to knock you down on your ass," he said, proudly.

"Ha! You wish," Jiang Cheng teased, with narrowed eyes. Knowing that his brother was reforming his core, made his heart feel at peace. And if his brother could knock him down on his ass like he had said, he would genuinely be ecstatic. But his egomaniac of a brother did not need to know that. "Wei Wuxian," Jiang Cheng began nervously, "I want you in my life. And in A-Ling's life too! He could use another uncle. I haven't really been the best influence on him," Jiang Cheng replied shaking his head.

"Are you fucking kidding me, A-Cheng?! I don't think you give enough credit to yourself. You were just seventeen. You rebuilt an entire Sect from ashes and if that wasn't enough, a child was entrusted in your care. You were just a seventeen or eighteen-year-old child, taking

care of another child. An infant, no less,” Wei Wuxian exclaimed. “I’m proud of you. And I’m proud of our nephew. A-Ling may have inherited your bratty personality, but he’s also a perfect mix of Shijie and the Peacock. You have done an amazing job as his uncle/father!”

Jiang Cheng had always been a person that needed validation, owing to the lack of it during his adolescent years. And to hear his brother utter the words that he so desperately needed to hear, he finally felt content. He felt something that he hadn’t felt in a long time. Peace. “But there is still one thing that I’m pissed about,” Jiang Cheng added, looking away.

“What?” Wei Wuxian asked, warily.

“I can’t believe you didn’t invite me to your wedding!” Jiang Cheng said, landing a soft punch on his brother’s arm.

Wei Wuxian burst out laughing, rubbing his now throbbing arm. “Do you even know where we got married?” When Jiang Cheng shook his head, he continued. “In a ratty old inn in the countryside. I wanted to sleep with him but no matter how much I begged, Lan Zhan being the righteous and virtuous man that he was, refused to sleep with me until we were wed. So I convinced him that we had already prostrated twice, once to Elder Lan Yi in the cold spring cave and then in the Ancestral Hall here. The only prostration left was towards each other. And what do you know? Our precious Hanguangjun is not as patient as he seems. It really didn’t take much to convince him because his restraint was hanging by a very thin thread. So the next thing I know, Lan Zhan had bound our hands with his sacred forehead ribbon, we bowed to each other and then we went at it like Lan Zhan’s precious little rabbits!” Wei Wuxian finished with a boisterous laugh. This was the first time he was telling someone the entire, true tale of his wedding as he had to skip out plenty of details to accommodate the young, budding minds of the Gusu disciples.

Jiang Cheng sputtered and blushed bright. His virgin ears felt violated. “You are shameless, Wei Wuxian! What does Hanguangjun even see in you?!”

“Do you really want me to answer that, A-Cheng?” Wei Wuxian asked with a salacious smirk and quirked brow.

Jiang Cheng shook his head rapidly, not wanting to listen to another detail about his brother’s pathetic love life and stood up to check on the now simmering soup. “Lunch is almost ready,” he declared.

“Do you like Xi Chen Ge?” Wei Wuxian asked, out of the blue and before Jiang Cheng could lie his way out of it, he added, “Don’t bother lying. I’ll know.”

“I-I- don’t know,” Jiang Cheng answered honestly. “I’ve always respected him. I mean, just look at him. The respect comes naturally,” he said with a laugh. “I’ve always been comfortable in his presence. He calms me down like no one else. After I found him the other day, I just felt this connection and attraction towards him. And to know that it was all because of a curse, it’s disappointing. A man like Zewujun with an angry, bitter man like me, just doesn’t seem right.”

“And a righteous man like Hanguangjun with the reckless Yiling Laozu seems right?” Wei Wuxian asked sarcastically.

“That’s different! You two are in love!” Jiang Cheng defended.

Wei Wuxian watched the mix of emotions flitting through his brother’s face and sighed. “Listen to me, A-Cheng. The curse does not affect your feelings. So, if you like Xi Chen Ge, go for it. Do not think about anything else. Like what others may think. As long as you like him, pursue him with all your heart. You deserve to love and be loved and so does Xi Chen Ge. You two would be good for each other. And Lan Zhan and I just want what’s best for you and Ge. As long as you two are happy, you will have our support.”

“But-,”

“No buts! If you’re worried about Xi Chen Ge’s feelings, I can assure you, if the man didn’t like you, you’d know. The Lans cannot fake their feelings at all,” he paused, taking in a deep breath and deciding that Jiang Cheng deserved to know the one little information that he had kept from all of them. “There’s something that I didn’t mention earlier when I was telling you all about the curse. The old lady, she sees through a person’s memories so that she can make sure that her victims are found by the one that she thinks would be right for them. Now I don’t know what she saw in Xi Chen Ge’s memories - that’s up to you to find out - but there had to be something for her to send him here. All I’m asking for is to give this a chance. This curse need not really be a curse. Who knows, it can be a blessing for the two of you.”

Jiang Cheng stared at the simmering soup, his brother’s words resonating in his mind. So does it mean that Lan Xi Chen at least likes him? From what he had observed in the last two days, Lan Xi Chen did feel some sort of attraction towards him. *‘Curse or not, for now he’d have to make do with it,’* he thought.

“Come now, let’s go have lunch,” Jiang Cheng told Wei Wuxian with a smile, not bothering to give his brother an answer, as he carefully lifted the pot and walked out of the kitchen.

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Wang Ji and Xi Chen could hear the banging of empty vessels and the Jiang siblings’ loud voices and tried their best to tune them out. But eventually, everything went silent and Wang Ji knew that his husband had used a silencing talisman. So he silently stared at his brother who was struggling to maintain his focus as he meditated.

“Wang Ji, if you keep staring at me like that, I won’t be able to meditate,” Xi Chen said softly, eyes still closed.

“Sorry, Xiongzhang,” Wang Ji muttered. “And I apologize for my behavior earlier too. I broke a lot of rules. And I was also acting like a brat!”

“Don’t worry about the rules, Wang Ji. I have lost count of the number of rules that I have broken in the last two days,” Xi Chen laughed, finally opening his eyes and fixing his brother with a fond look. “Breaking rules, it’s quite-,” he paused trying to find a suitable word, “-*exhilarating.*”

Wang Ji huffed out a laugh at his brother's declaration. "But you seem happier," he mentioned, pointedly.

"To be honest, Wang Ji, I feel happier too. More than anything that I've felt in the last three years. But at the same time, I feel confused, so confused," he replied with a frown.

"Brother," Wang Ji began reluctantly. He wasn't an elaborate speaker after all. And when it came to giving advice, it was usually his brother's forte. "I just want you to be happy. I don't want you to go back to the shell of a man that you were for the past three years. And I apologize again, for being so withdrawn and lifeless during the thirteen years that Wei Ying wasn't with us. Seeing you like that for three years made me feel so miserable that I don't even want to imagine what you went through for thirteen years."

"It's best to not ponder on the past, Wang Ji," Xi Chen smiled, understandingly. "I think it's high time that we all let our wounds heal and move on."

"Yes, I agree," Wang Ji nodded. "And if Jiang Wanyin can help you heal and fill the emptiness left behind in your heart, then I won't stop you from pursuing him," he said blankly.

"There is no emptiness in my heart, A-Zhan," he said lovingly, using the nickname that he hadn't used in a very long time, leaving Wang Ji staring at him with so much adoration and *sadness*? "With a brother like you, a brother in law like A-Xian, nephews like Sizhui and Jing Yi – wait, that reminds me, what exactly is the deal with Jing Yi?"

"He has declared himself as Wei Ying's and my unofficial son," Wang Ji snorted and then blushed red at the sound that had escaped him. Lan Xi Chen smiled, amusedly. "I've always thought that Wei Ying would be responsible for Shufu's Qi Deviation but at the rate Jing Yi is going, he is surely going to defeat my husband. So fair warning, if he calls you BoBo (uncle- father's older brother) one day, don't be shocked."

"I definitely wouldn't mind another nephew," Lan Xi Chen laughed wholeheartedly. He liked Lan Jing Yi. He was like a breath of fresh air in the dull and gloomy Cloud Recesses. "Now, as I was saying, you guys have been fawning all over me, even though I was supposed to be in seclusion, and with you guys around, how can my heart be empty? Even Shufu(uncle- father's younger brother) visited frequently. I think he was just trying his best to make sure that I don't end up like Fuqin(father)," he said with a sad smile. After all, their father was still a sore topic to everyone involved. "A-Yao, he left a hole in my heart. And I'm not looking for anything or anybody to fill that up. It's something that I will have to live with for the rest of my life. Because it's my previous mistakes that has made me what I am today."

Wang Ji nodded, trying to process his brother's thoughts.

"As for Jiang Wanyin, I've always found him very impressive. Having observed him for the last two days, I can surely say that my interest is piqued," he continued, ignoring the distaste on his brother's face. "I know that all these feelings may be because of the curse but I'd like to believe that if I ended up here with Jiang Wanyin, then there must be a really good reason for it. Like fate, perhaps?"

“Mn,” was all Wang Ji said.

“So, I’m going to give it my all, Wang Ji. And I hope that you can forget all about Jiang Wanyin’s past deeds because Wang Ji, we’ve all committed mistakes in the past but that shouldn’t define our present and future. We’ve already lost so many years on unnecessary mistakes. Let’s live our today like it’s our last day,” Xi Chen said philosophically.

“I agree, Xiongzhong. But I have one last question,” Wang Ji said and continued when Xi Chen nodded. “Are you sure that you’re okay with defining this relationship with Jiang Wanyin based on a curse?”

“Why don’t we just forget about the fact that it’s a curse and think of it as a matchmaker who fixed an arranged marriage?” Xi Chen asked amusingly, with a raised brow. “Arranged marriages are common. People tend to fall in love after they get married or at least reach a common understanding. And I never planned on getting married. But if it’s all been arranged already, then why don’t I just give it a try?”

Lan Wang Ji’s lips quirked. “Wei Ying was right. You always find a silver lining.”

Lan Xi Chen didn’t get a chance to question that statement as Wei Ying bounded out of the room, skipping like a child and singing, “Lunch is ready!” followed behind by a glaring Jiang Cheng who was very carefully holding the steaming hot pot of soup, narrowly avoiding his brother’s flailing arms, as he directed his guests/family to the dining rooms.

The maids brought out more dishes, bland for the Lans, mediocally spicy for Jiang Cheng and furiously spicy for Wei Wuxian. They served a bowl of Jiang Cheng’s Lotus and Pork Rib soup to everyone and Wei Wuxian very excitedly slurped it down and moaned at the very familiar and soothing taste. It tasted like home. “Just how I remember it,” Wei Wuxian hummed.

Wang Ji and Xi Chen shared an amused look and drank a spoonful of soup, nodding in approval.

“There’s a slightly different flavor. What is it?” Wang Ji asked with a frown. He had been trying so hard to recreate his sister in law’s recipe and no matter how much his husband tried to convince him that it was good, he knew that it was lacking in some way. In his defense, he had never tasted the soup made by Yan Li.

“The lotus,” Jiang Cheng deadpanned.

“I know that,” Wang Ji gritted out with narrowed eyes. *‘Give respect, take respect.’*

“Behave,” both Lan Xi Chen and Wei Wuxian told their brother’s at the same time and then shared a look, sighing exasperatedly. *Welcome to the big brother’s club.*

Jiang Cheng huffed. “It is the Lotus,” he said again, mellowing his tone. “The Lotus grown in the soil of Lotus Pier has a unique and rich flavor when compared to the ones you would find elsewhere.”

“Mn.”

“What is ‘Mn’ supposed to mean?” Jiang Cheng asked, eyes narrowed in confusion.

“It means ‘Ah, so that’s what was missing in my soup’,” Wei Wuxian and Xi Chen answered simultaneously.

“How the fuck did you get that from a simple ‘Mn’?” Jiang Cheng asked, completely weirded out.

“It was a deep ‘Mn’. Kind of like ‘Mnnnn’,” Wei Ying mimicked while simultaneously Xi Chen added, “It was a thoughtful ‘Mn’ as if he wanted to say ‘huh’.”

Wang Ji just stared at his brother and husband, pride and love glinting in his eyes.

“What. The. Fuck?” Jiang Cheng muttered, rubbing the gooseflesh rising on his arms. “You guys are crazy.”

Xi Chen and Wei Wuxian merely laughed in response, while Wang Ji silently took another sip of his soup. Jiang Cheng shuddered as he prayed to the Gods, to protect his sanity from his completely mental family.

Chapter End Notes

So? What do you think? Did you like it? Do let me know!

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

I like you. I really like you.

Chapter Notes

Hello, my lovelies!!! Here's chapter 6! Really hope you guys like it! So my theory exams are now over and I can finally focus on the one shot that I had planned as a part of this series... It will be based on what brought Lan Xi Chen out of his seclusion... I have an idea.. Now I just hope that I'll be able to work it out into a one shot..

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

The rest of the day went in giving Wei Wuxian and his husband a tour of the renovated Lotus Pier. They walked around, talking about anything and everything, reminiscing about their childhood and smiling nostalgically. Wang Ji and Xi Chen followed behind them, silently marveling at the Jiang siblings' ability to bicker and fight over everything stupid and nothing serious.

Dinner went by in a similar fashion. The Lans silently ate their food, sharing adoringly soft smiles and chuckles, while Jiang Cheng recounted some funny stories from Jin Ling's childhood.

Wang Ji and Jiang Cheng had reached a silent truce, where they both refrained from taking personal jabs at the other, much to the delight of their older brothers. All frowns and grimaces were now done privately behind each other's backs.

After showing Wei Wuxian and Wang Ji their room, which was by the way just two doors down his own (he was soon going to realize what a huge blunder he had committed), Jiang Cheng retreated for the night followed closely by Xi Chen. He closed the doors behind him and leaned against it. Jiang Cheng cleared his throat, gaining the attention of the older Lan.

"Sooo" Jiang Cheng drawled, wondering what to say.

"Jiang Wanyin-," Xi Chen began, walking closer to the younger man.

"Please call me Jiang Cheng, Xi Chen. I'm not used to hearing Jiang Wanyin. People usually call me Jiang Zongzhu but I'd rather you not call me that and Jiang Wanyin just makes me

feel weird,” he interrupted with a soft frown.

“Jiang Cheng,” Xi Chen mouthed, testing the name before he smiled happily. “A-Cheng,” he repeated again, watching in fascination the spread of red on the other man’s cheeks.

If Jiang Cheng wanted to swoon, he didn’t. He was the fucking Sandu Shengshou and the Sandu Shengshou does not swoon. So, he strictly controlled himself and let out a meek, “Yes?”

“A-Cheng,” Xi Chen said again, thoroughly enjoying watching Jiang Cheng squirm. “I know that the information we received today has been a lot to process but after much thought, I have decided on something,” he said with all the seriousness of a Sect Leader.

‘Oh no, he’s going to reject me before I can even make a move to woo him,’ Jiang Cheng thought, staring at the floor. He began sweating nervously and held back the tears that were threatening to spill. *‘Seriously, why doesn’t anybody want to be with me?!’* he screamed internally.

Xi Chen moved closer, until he was standing right in front of the younger man. Jiang Cheng froze, but refused to look at the pair of dark golden eyes, that was desperately waiting to meet his. He couldn’t look at him now. He knew he would cry if he so much as gazed into those deep golden pools.

“A-Cheng,” Xi Chen called him softly, taking his rough, calloused hands in his own. “I don’t want to think of this as a curse.”

Maybe it was the words that were spoken to him or maybe it was the tone, Jiang Cheng’s eyes snapped up to meet the soft, loving eyes of the older Jade. Hope. He was feeling hope brimming within him.

“I’d like to court you,” Xi Chen continued, staring into Jiang Cheng’s teary eyes. He placed a palm on Jiang Cheng’s cheek, lightly brushing away an unshed tear, hating himself for putting those tears in his love’s eyes. He leaned closer, placing his forehead against the other’s.

“Why?!” was what Jiang Cheng asked but Lan Xi Chen very clearly heard the underlying, *‘I don’t deserve you. I will ruin you.’*

“Because I like you. And because I want you. I want to love you,” Xi Chen answered simply.

“You like me? You want me?” he asked again disbelievingly, pointing a finger at himself.

“Yes, I do. I like you. I really like you, Jiang Cheng. And I hope that we can take this as a courting period and explore our relationship. I haven’t felt like this ever. But I quite like it,” Xi Chen added honestly. “And it’s said that, when a Lan falls in love, he falls hard. And fast.”

“But you loved Jin GuangYao,” Jiang Cheng stated with a frown.

“Huh?!” Xi Chen exclaimed incredulously, pulling away with eyes as wide as saucers. “What made you think that?”

“I don’t know. Everyone thought that,” Jiang Cheng replied, shrugging his shoulders.

“But he was married,” Xi Chen said, as if that was supposed to answer everything.

“So?” Jiang Cheng asked with a quirked brow. “Haven’t you heard of something called as an unrequited love?”

Lan Xi Chen was dumbfounded. Did the entire cultivation world think that? That he was in love with Meng Yao? That he was pining for a married Sect Leader? “Good Lord, no!” he replied. “He was my sworn brother. I loved him and trusted him as a brother! That’s it!”

“*Oh*,” Jiang Cheng said dumbly.

Xi Chen didn’t know if he wanted to laugh or kiss the man in his arms. He was a man known for being wise. So, he chose the latter. He nervously leaned forward, waiting for any signs of discomfort or rejection from Jiang Cheng. When he didn’t receive any, he leaned closer and pressed a soft kiss against Jiang Cheng’s virgin lips, hoping to convey his feelings to the man that was currently dumbstruck in his arms. He pulled away and stared at Jiang Cheng hoping for some reaction. All he got was an adoring blush.

Jiang Cheng blushed, having just lost his first kiss and folded his lips, praying that his brain would recover from the shock.

“I’d have loved to court you officially but even if I go back to Gusu now, to send the courting gifts, I’d have to take you with me. So for now, you’ll just have to make do with me,” Xi Chen smiled, sincerely.

“Make do with you?!” Jiang Cheng asked, finally regaining his voice. And his senses. “You are more than enough. I don’t need anything else. Just you. Only you,” he added, cupping the other’s face.

“So I’ll take that as a yes then?” Xi Chen asked, hopefully.

“I don’t mean to sound easy, but if I could, I’d marry you now!” Jiang Cheng exclaimed with a laugh, the blush intact. He knew he was getting ahead of himself. Lan Xi Chen had just asked him out and he was already jumping to marriage.

Lan Xi Chen eyes blazed with a fire, a clear indication of how much he liked that idea. He loved the thought of having this man in his arms forever. Waking up with him, sleeping with him, spending every minute of every day with him. Lan Xi Chen craved for it. But he was a Sect Leader. So was the man in his arms. There was going to be a lot of formalities to be followed and sacrifices to be done before that happened. But this was not the time to be thinking about it. Right now, he had an amazing man in his arms and he was going to shower all his focus and love on him. “I don’t think my Shufu would be able to handle another nephew’s sudden elopement,” he said with a chuckle, Jiang Cheng joining in.

It had been a very long time since Jiang Cheng had stared into a pair of eyes that were directing so much love at him. He felt warm. All over. He wanted to laugh. He wanted to cry.

He wanted to dance. He wanted to scream. He wanted to let everyone know that he was finally happy. Above all, he wanted to kiss the man in front of him senseless.

Jiang Cheng closed his eyes, tilted his head (Remembering his brother's very much helpful advice) and leaned forward, Xi Chen following suit. Their lips were almost about to touch when there was a moan.

Jiang Cheng pulled away, staring wide eyed at Xi Chen. He hadn't even kissed him yet and the man was already moaning? Was he that good? That he could make a grown man moan with just a skin contact?

Lan Xi Chen stared blankly before it struck him, what exactly Jiang Cheng was thinking. "What? No! That was not me!" he exclaimed with wide eyes.

"Then-," there was another loud moan followed by a whine of '*Lan Er-Gege!*'

Jiang Cheng and Xi Chen stared horrified at the wall, through which the noises were coming and jumped away from each other, thoroughly embarrassed.

"What the-?" Jiang Cheng stuttered, turning as purple as his robes.

"So this is what they meant," Xi Chen muttered under his breath, looking equally horrified but still nodding in understanding. When Jiang Cheng threw him a questioning look, he answered, "When I was in seclusion in the back mountains, I received a lot of written complaints, including one from my Shufu, regarding loud noises from the Jingshi at night. *Everyday*. Nobody was willing to confront them. Now I know what those noises are and why my Shufu looked like he would Qi Deviate any minute."

"Everyday?!" Jiang Cheng yelled, mortified. "This happens every day?!"

He stared outrageously at the wall, through which the sounds - which were now getting more and more obscene - could be heard. His brother was just getting louder and was now saying things that was making his virgin ears bleed. '*How can one person say that his body cannot take more and then ask to go faster?!*' Jiang Cheng thought.

"I have no idea," Xi Chen mused.

Jiang Cheng went red, having realized that he had just asked such a shameless question out loud to the First Jade of Lan. A man that had just asked him out. Wow. Their relationship was progressing at a rapid pace. They had spent two days together, realized that they were cursed, had their first kiss, decided to court each other and now, they were talking about sex life. And it wasn't even their sex life. "We should just go to sleep," he said, avoiding the other's eyes.

Lan Xi Chen agreed. Whatever mood Jiang Cheng and he had created was now gone, thanks to his shameless brother. And his equally shameless husband.

They slept next to each other, arms touching, staring at the ceiling, wide awake. The noises which had stopped for a few minutes, seemed to have returned with vigor. Moans and groans were one thing. But having to listen to Wei Wuxian, screaming about everything he wanted

Wang Ji to do to him, was downright mortifying. Xi Chen and Jiang Cheng did NOT want to know what their brothers were doing.

“Don’t they ever stop?” Jiang Cheng muttered, tiredly.

“They are in their honeymoon phase,” Xi Chen muttered back, his words sounding stupid to his own ears.

“They’ve been married for three years,” Jiang Cheng said blankly. “How can one person do *that* so much?!” he growled, astonished.

Lan Xi Chen didn’t bother answering. It’s not like he had any experience with the act in the first place. They silently continued to rot in the hell that their brothers had thrown them into until it got so unbearable that Jiang Cheng lost his cool.

“That’s it! This is my house! They better shut up!” Jiang Cheng screamed and stood up to face the wall. Xi Chen lifted himself on his elbows to watch what his boyfriend (*his boyfriend, Oh he loved the sound of that*) was going to do, not even bothering to try and stop him. It was his house after all. And whatever Jiang Cheng was going to do, his brother and brother in law would have deserved it.

Jiang Cheng steeled himself and then with a deep breath screamed, “Shut the fuck up you two! Some of us are trying to sleep here! Shameless bastards! Shut up! Shut up! *Shut uuuppp!!!!*” while continuously banging his fists against the wall. How the wall didn’t crumble under the force will always remain a mystery to everyone involved.

Xi Chen stared wide eyed at the tantrum that his boyfriend had just thrown and waited for a response. He had half expected the Jiang Sect Leader to go barging into their room, but now that he thought about it, it seemed like a bad idea. A really bad idea. Everything was silent for a minute, except for Jiang Cheng’s heavy breathing and a soft rustle of robes from the other room. And then an annoyingly loud voice responded.

“We need just one more min-oh- ohh,” and the moans and groans and grunts resumed, this time twice as stronger.

Jiang Cheng groaned. Xi Chen stifled a laugh. And WangXian had the time of their lives. So two days later when Wang Ji received a missive from Gusu, demanding his immediate presence, Xi Chen and Jiang Cheng, sporting abnormally dark circles around their eyes, sent the couple away with extremely happy and relieved smiles.

Chapter End Notes

Lan Xi Cheng and Jiang Cheng are finally official!!! WangXian are as shameless as ever!

What did you guys think of this chapter??? Just one more to go...

PS: Lan Xi Chen: They are in their honeymoon phase.

Jiang Cheng: They've been married for three years.

I found this on Tumblr and just found it so hilarious! So credit for that line does not go to me!

Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Jin Ling arrives in Lotus Pier.....

Chapter Notes

HELLOOO!!!! THE FINAL CHAPTER IS HERE!!! 😊😊

I'm so sorry for the late update.. I was down with a severe cold and I totally forgot about the update.. 🤧

Ah... My fics are like my babies and every time it ends, I just feel so sad! Anyways...

Hope you enjoy this chapter!

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

Jiang Cheng moaned as Xi Chen smashed their lips together in a searing kiss, hands roughly grabbing his hips, as he pushed the younger man against the wall. Jiang Cheng grabbed a handful of Xi Chen's hair and tugged softly, eliciting a sexy groan out of his mouth. Rough, callous hands pulled at each other's outer robes, adorned with an unnecessary amount of ties and belts, groans of irritation escaping once in a while, tongues battling each other for dominance. With clothes strewn across the room, the pair bounded over to the bed, lips still connected, and collapsed on it in a heap, Lan Xi Chen's tall figure towering over Jiang Cheng.

It had been roughly two months since they had decided to court each other, and Jiang Cheng had never been happier. Having Lan Xi Chen by his side, every moment of every day with soft touches during the day and rough, man handling at night, he was floating in pure bliss. They had never gone any more further than wandering hands, but they always came so close to losing control. They both wanted more, but Jiang Cheng just wasn't mentally ready for such a huge step. And Lan Xi Chen, being the embodiment of understanding and patience, always knew when to stop. Jiang Cheng loved Lan Xi Chen. There was no doubt about that. But for the life of him, he could not figure out why he always hesitated from taking that next step. He wanted to. Oh, he desperately wanted to. But there was something stopping him. This nagging feeling at the back of his head, that just wouldn't stop.

Lan Xi Chen untied Jiang Cheng's inner robe, spreading his hands over the vast span of hard muscles underneath, cold fingers grazing over the other's hardened nipples causing Jiang Cheng to moan into his mouth. Lan Xi Chen pulled his lips away and before Jiang Cheng

could complain, latched his lips to the other's neck, sucking and biting on the sensitive skin, that he knew for sure would get him the best response. Jiang Cheng's sweet spot.

Jiang Cheng threw his head back in pleasure, eyes rolling to the back of his head, as moans after moans of his lover's name escaped from his lips. He didn't bother covering his moans, knowing how much it turned Lan Xi Chen on. The Lans, epitome of self-restraint, were always helpless in the face of sexual pleasure. Now that he had a taste of what pleasure feels like, Jiang Cheng didn't think he could go back to his old life, where it was just him and his hand.

There was a crisp knock on the door, followed by a soft, "Jiang Zongzhu."

Jiang Cheng, too lost in the world of pleasure, pointedly ignored it.

"Jiang Zongzhu!" came a louder voice with a louder knock.

Lan Xi Chen pulled away from his lover's neck to glare at the door and Jiang Cheng was forced to open his eyes. "WHAT?!" he growled.

"Um," the disciple stuttered. "It's-um- Jin Gongzi. His friends have brought him here. He's injured."

That did it. Jiang Cheng was immediately on his feet, roughly wrapped himself with a robe and was out of the room in mere seconds, completely forgetting about the curse that tied him to the currently speechless man on the bed. And why was Lan Xi Chen speechless? Because nothing happened. The pain that he had been fully expecting to hit him, didn't happen. He stared at the empty spot, that had been previously occupied by Jiang Cheng and wondered what this new discovery would mean for them. Lan Xi Chen did not have to follow Jiang Cheng around. Lan Xi Chen could go back to his own Sect and resume his duties. But why was his heart feeling so heavy?

Jiang Cheng ran into the courtyard, his heart in his mouth, assuming the worst. He found his nephew limping, being supported by his other nephew, Lan Sizhui and their friend Lan Jing Yi. Ouyang Zizhen was following closely, holding onto all their weapons.

"What the hell happened?!" he growled, panting heavily. Four pairs of eyes snapped to his and they just gaped. "What?!" he asked, feeling unnerved.

"Um, JiuJiu," Jin Ling began, uncomfortably. "There's a little um, something on your neck," he said, generally gesturing to his own neck with a pointer finger.

Jiang Cheng paused. And then two things struck him at once. Knowing Lan Xi Chen's obsession with leaving marks, he probably had a hickey on his neck. And two, he had left the man responsible for the said hickey in his room.

"Oh shit!" he said worriedly, turning back to go check on his boyfriend, now that he knew his nephew was fine. But he was saved from the trouble, as Lan Xi Chen entered the courtyard, looking as much of a mess as he himself was. There was an odd glint in his eyes, that Jiang Cheng was not sure he liked. Wait a minute? Lan Xi Chen was fine? He wasn't in any pain?

“Bofu?” Sizhui questioned, surprised to find his uncle in Lotus Pier.

“What happened?” Xi Chen asked, his concerned gaze passing over the four boys and finally landing on Jin Ling’s ankle, which was twisted at a weird angle. “Oh, Jin Gongzi! Your ankle!”

“I already gave him some herbs for the pain, Bofu,” Sizhui said calmly, his eyes roaming over his uncle’s unusual appearance. For starters, his usual indigo robes were wrinkled and he was wearing purple under robes. His hairpiece stood with a slight tilt, unnoticeable to anyone but a Lan and his mane was a mess and was that a hickey under his ear? Sizhui’s eyes widened, as he put two and two together. It seemed like he wasn’t the only one who had connected the dots. His friends were now gaping at the two Sect Leaders.

“What-,” was all Jin Ling could manage to say.

“Bobo and Shushu are together? Since when?!” Jing Yi exclaimed, eyes wide with disbelief.

“Bobo and Shushu?” Jiang Cheng frowned in confusion.

“Yes, Bobo,” Jing Yi said, pointing at an amused Xi Chen, “Shushu,” he said, pointing at a bewildered Jiang Cheng.

“When the hell did Wei Wuxian adopt another kid?” Jiang Cheng all but growled. Why doesn’t anybody tell him anything?!

“Um, Shushu-,” Jing Yi began but was interrupted by Jin Ling.

“Shut up, Jing Yi. We’re straying from the important topic at hand,” he snapped. “Care to tell us what is happening? Jiu Jiu? Zewujun?”

“We should get you to the infirmary!” Xi Chen and Jiang Cheng said at the same time.

“Infirmary can wait!” Jin Ling said blankly. “I want to know when the two of you became *so close*!”

“Just because you’re a sect leader now, does not mean that I can’t break your legs, brat!” Jiang Cheng threatened with a weak scowl, a blush spreading across his cheeks.

Jin Ling gave his uncle an unimpressed look. “Go ahead. You can’t break it any more than it already is.”

Lan Xi Chen snorted and immediately covered his mouth with a hand, shocked at the unusual sound that had escaped him. In his defense, he had found it absolutely hilarious. Jiang Cheng just shot him a halfhearted glare.

“Fine! I will explain everything later,” Jiang Cheng said with a sigh and when Jin Ling opened his mouth to argue, he added, “I promise. Let’s get your leg treated first.”

It took the pair quite a bit of time to explain their current situation and their mutual decision of courtship for the junior quartet to finally settle down. Jin Ling, now lying on the infirmary's bed, his rearranged foot propped up on a pillow, stared at his uncle with an unrecognizable look in his eyes, causing Jiang Cheng to worry about what exactly was going on in his nephew's mind. No matter how old he was, Jin Ling would always be his little child that loved to curl into his lap and fall asleep. And his approval would mean the world to Jiang Cheng. Because for Jiang Cheng, his nephew would always come first. So he did what he does best. Grumbling under his breath, he tucked the blankets around Jin Ling tighter and tighter, until Jin Ling let out an annoyed whine and pulled him down to take a seat on the bed, next to him.

Xi Chen snickered, watching the great Sandu Shengshou turn into a fretting mother hen. It was a sight to behold.

Sizhui could see the love in his Bofu's eyes as he gazed at the Jiang Sect Leader. He was happy for his Bofu. Anything that made his family happy would make him happy. And his uncle deserved all the love and happiness in the world. Jing Yi and Zizhen couldn't stop smiling and giggling, gushing over how romantic the entire situation was. Zizhen could already see the plot and cover of his next book.

"It's getting late. We should all go to sleep," Xi Chen suggested, the blush on his neck and ears refusing to fade.

"Yeah, we should," Jiang Cheng agreed, tiredness seeping into his bones. "Xiao Ling will show you to your rooms," he said to his nephew's friends.

After Sizhui, Jing Yi and Zizhen left the room, Jiang Cheng turned to Xi Chen. "Xi Chen, why don't you go ahead. I'll join you in a while."

Xi Chen caught the look that his boyfriend was throwing his way and nodded in understanding. He turned to Jin Ling with a soft smile and said, "Good night, Jin Gongzi. I hope you recover soon."

"Oh, um, thank you Zewujun," Jin Ling stuttered, entranced by the man's smile. *'Same, kiddo. Same,'* Jiang Cheng thought with a smile. "And please call me Jin Ling. Now that we're about to become a family, it's only right that you do."

"Only if you stop calling me Zewujun," he compromised.

Jin Ling thought for a while. If his Jiu Jiu had married a woman, he would have called her Jiu Ma. What was he supposed to call Xi Chen? Jiu Jiu?

"Lan Jiu Jiu?" he muttered unsurely. "Wow, that's a lot of Jiu Jiu's for me. Jiu Jiu will always be Jiu Jiu. Wei Wuxian is Wei Jiu Jiu. If Zewujun is Da-Lan Jiu Jiu, then Hanguangjun will be Xiao-Lan Jiu Jiu....," he continued to mutter, the knots in his brain twisting as he tried to solve this crisis.

Jiang Cheng watched his nephew pitifully and Xi Chen, being the kind and understanding man that he was, gave the kid some space to figure it out while trying to reign in the smile of

amusement blooming on his face.

“You know what?” Jin Ling said, snapping himself out of the never ending loop in his head. “I’m going to call you and Hanguangjun ShuShu. Da ShuShu and Xiao ShuShu. That way I’ll only have to worry about two Jiu Jiu’s,” he said, nodding to himself.

Xi Chen smiled softly. ShuShu. He loved the sound of that. “Jin Ling,” he whispered with acceptance and adoration. Xi Chen already had one, no, two nephews and he loved them to bits. Now along with a lover, he was also getting another nephew. He was truly blessed.

Jiang Cheng watched the two most important people in his life, warmth filling his body. And then it clicked. That tiny little nagging at the back of his head? It was his nephew. The one person that would always be his first priority, no matter what. And now that he had his approval and support, nothing could stop Jiang Cheng from loving his Xi Chen.

Eventually, Lan Xi Chen had to exit the room, to give the uncle-nephew duo some space. His exit left behind a deafening silence in its wake, with the two of them looking anywhere but at each other. Finally, Jin Ling sighed exasperatedly. “So, a new uncle, huh?” he teased, a hint of rose coating his cheeks.

“Yeeahhh,” Jiang Cheng dragged, scratching his neck.

“Da ShuShu is nice,” Jin Ling said. For the majority of his life, it had been just him and his two uncles. But now he had friends. He had uncles, so many of them. He had a huge family. Just like he had always wished. “I like him.”

“I know. I like him too,” Jiang Cheng replied, sighing dreamily which Jin Ling pointedly ignored.

“Jiu Jiu,” Jin Ling began nervously, Jiang Cheng’s eyes snapping to his. “You are happy right?”

Jiang Cheng took his time answering his nephew’s question. He finally smiled. “Yes. Yes, I am.”

“I’m glad. It’s good to see you smiling, Jiu Jiu. I’m happy for you,” Jin Ling said with a small smile. He really was happy. He was happy that his uncle had someone in his life that would take care of him and would always make sure that he doesn’t over exert himself. His uncle had a knack for over doing things as a means to prove himself, and there had been plenty of occasions where he had either passed out from pure exhaustion or they had to medically induce sleep, to put him to bed. When he had moved to Koi Tower, he had been really worried about his uncle. But now, he could be at peace, knowing that his Jiu Jiu was not alone.

“And all I want is for you to be happy too, A-Ling,” Jiang Cheng said, placing a hand on his nephew’s head. “Being a Sect Leader is not easy. And at your age, it’s definitely not. But you have me, you have your other Jiu Jiu, you even have your two Lan ShuShus,” he laughed at the absurd amount of uncles that his nephew had been graced with, “and you have your friends. Do not lose yourself in your duties, like I did all these years.”

“I won’t,” Jin Ling promised.

Jiang Cheng smiled fondly. “I am so proud of you, A-Ling. And I’m pretty sure your parents are too.”

“Thank you, JiuJiu. That means a lot to me,” Jin Ling said, with tear filled eyes. He wiped his eyes with the back of his hand and smiled mischievously. “So when’s the wedding?”

“I don’t know. But to be honest, I’d marry him right now!” Jiang Cheng huffed out a laugh, not the least bit embarrassed.

“Good! It’s about time!” Jin Ling said, sassily.

Jiang Cheng smacked his nephew’s head in retaliation. “What the hell does that mean?!”

“It means that I am really glad that you will be finally getting married. I thought you would die as a lonely, grumpy, senile, old man,” Jin Ling said with a laugh.

This time Jin Ling saw the swinging hand of his uncle and ducked in time.

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It was a bright day in Lotus Pier with the lotuses on full bloom and since the disciples had all begged for a day off, to enjoy the weather and play in the clear waters, Jiang Cheng had indulged them in their whim. They all deserved a break and so did he. Jin Ling and his friends had all decided to follow the other disciples and lounge on the boats, to bathe in the warm glow of the sun, a feeling that the Gusu disciples lacked. Jiang Cheng and Lan Xi Chen had opted for a lazy day and dressed in their under robes, were now basking in each other’s warm embrace in the haven of their room.

Suddenly, Jiang Cheng turned to face his boyfriend. “Can I tie your hair, please?” he asked shyly.

Lan Xi Chen was startled at the sheer vulnerability in the eyes of his lover. He stared at his boyfriend with wide eyes, suddenly remembering a letter that his brother in law had secretly slipped into his hand just before leaving to Gusu. It had just one simple sentence in it, which said, *‘You’ll know, when he brushes your hair for you.’* When Lan Xi Chen had first read it, he had so many questions. Was he supposed to know something? And why would Jiang Cheng brush his hair? But now, a brilliant smile graced the face of the First Jade, realizing the implication behind his love’s question and his brother-in-law’s cryptic letter. He had been worried about their relationship and how the wearing off of the curse would affect it. He had been meaning to talk to his love, about their next step in this courting but he just couldn’t seem to gather the courage, fearing that he would ruin or mess up their current dynamic.

“Of course, A-Cheng. You can do anything you want,” Xi Chen said, swiftly rising from the bed and taking a seat on the floor, his back against it.

Jiang Cheng stared at the broad back of the older Lan, not expecting him to be so eager to accept his request. But still, it brought a smile to his face. Lan Xi Chen, who had absolutely

no idea about his hair styling capabilities, trusted him with his hair. He brought his assortment of combs and ribbons and hair pieces and sat on the edge of the bed, Lan Xi Chen's back between his legs. He pulled out the white ribbon that held his hair in a top knot and placed it aside, his fingers now hovering over his boyfriend's sacred forehead ribbon.

"Uh, Xi Chen?" he called out, eliciting a low hum from the man in question. "Your forehead ribbon."

Lan Xi Chen paused, his hand hovering over the knot of his ribbon and then, as if he had made up his mind on something, untied his forehead ribbon with a single move.

Jiang Cheng held out his hand. "Here, let me place it safely on the table."

"I have a better and safer place," Xi Chen said, his voice deep and thick with emotion. He was finally going to do it. He was finally handing his body and soul over to the Jiang Sect Leader. He grabbed Jiang Cheng's already outstretched hand and wrapped the ribbon around his wrist.

"Xi Chen! You-," Jiang Cheng stammered, with a hitch of his breath, shocked at the soft feel of the Lan's sacred ribbon against his skin. He knew what it meant for them. It was a sign of restraint and only family members and cultivation partners were allowed to touch it. A Lan giving his forehead ribbon to someone was a big deal. It was a promise to love without restraints. And Lan Xi Chen had just given his to him.

"It's yours now," Xi Chen whispered, turning around to face him. He stared at the immobilized Sect Leader and smiled softly, cupping his cheeks. "When the curse wore off, I was worried that our two months of bliss would come to an end. But I don't want it to end because I still feel the same, A-Cheng. I still feel crazily and madly in love with you."

"You-," Jiang Cheng stuttered. Shit, he was going to cry. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath, trying to swallow the thickening lump in his throat. "Are you sure you want to spend the rest of your life with me, Xi Chen? I'm moody, inconsiderate and can be really prissy, at times. This is your only chance to push me away because after this, even if you try to run away, I won't let you go. I will tie you up in my room if I have to," he said, with all due seriousness.

"Inconsiderate?" Xi Chen said disbelievingly. "A-Cheng, you chose to help me with the curse when you could have just turned me away! You took such good care of me. Don't you dare call yourself inconsiderate! And I know you are moody and prissy. But that's just half of what you are. There's this other half of you that has so much of love and concern and I'm really lucky that it was you that I first saw when I woke up here in Lotus Pier! And I'm never going to run away A-Cheng. Because us Lans, we fall in love only once. You are it, for me," he said with pure honesty. "But if you still want to tie me up, I would be open to that," he teased, smiling in amusement.

Eyes wet with tears, Jiang Cheng smiled a full smile. A rare smile that Lan Xi Chen had never seen before. A smile that knocked his breath away. "Our relationship, it's going to be difficult, you know. First, we'll have to get through your Shufu and then we'll have to figure

out our responsibilities. You're a Sect Leader and I'm a Sect Leader. We have two different sects to take care of."

"Actually about that," Lan Xi Chen began, scratching his nose, a weird habit that he had unknowingly picked up from his brother-in-law. "Now that I'm out of seclusion, Wang Ji wanted me to take back the position of Chief Cultivator and I agreed."

"So," Jiang Cheng drawled. "Now we have an additional problem to deal with you being Chief Cultivator and all?"

"What additional problem?" Xi Chen asked with a frown.

"Xi Chen, I am a Sect Leader and so are you. We can't leave our sects unattended for many days at a time. And I don't think I can go back to the days where I was sleeping alone on this bed. Being a Chief cultivator on top of that, you'll be really busy. You won't have any time for me," Jiang Cheng said, worriedly.

"I won't be Sect Leader for long," Xi Chen said softly. "I agreed to take the Chief Cultivator position because I could do my Chief cultivator duties from anywhere. I don't have to be in Gusu for it. And when I agreed to this, I personally requested Wang Ji to become Sect Leader and knowing about our relationship, he agreed. So I don't have to be in Gusu always," he said, leaning closer to his boyfriend. "Although, I will have to keep visiting frequently."

Jiang Cheng was speechless. His boyfriend had already thought of everything and with just one decision had solved the biggest hurdle in their relationship.

"You would do that for me? You would let go of your important position in your sect for me?" he questioned, voice thick and eyes wet with tears.

"A-Cheng, my position in the sect has never been a matter of pride or respect for me. It was just something that I inherited because of my bloodline. I want what's best for my sect and I have no doubts that Wang Ji will make a wonderful and responsible sect leader," he said, eyes shining with adoration. "But now I have you and I can't help but be a little selfish. I'd like to think that after all these years and the sacrifices that have come with it, I deserve to be a little selfish. And as long as it's you, it will all be worth it."

Jiang Cheng felt speechless. "I love you, A-Huan," he managed to whisper, gazing lovingly into his beloved's golden orbs.

Xi Chen smiled, pleased to hear his birth name from his boyfriend's lips. "And I love you, A-Cheng. I will always be half a heart without you." (I'm so sorry for the corny use of my fic's title. I just couldn't help it! And One Direction rocks!)

Jiang Cheng leaned closer and tilting Xi Chen's face up with his pointer finger, smacked a loud kiss on his lips. Before he could pull away, Xi Chen held him by the back of his neck and deepened the kiss.

"Mnnn," Jiang Cheng moaned, trying to pull away. "Wait, I need to ask you something!"

“What is it, A-Cheng?” Xi Chen asked with an impatient groan.

“After A-Xian told us about the curse, he indulged me with a little bit of an extra info,” Jiang Cheng said nervously, holding his pointer finger and thumb really close.

“Oh?” Xi Chen eyed him warily. His brother in law was generally a good human being and husband, but he was always up to no good. What had his brother in law done now?

“He said that the reason you were sent to Lotus Pier particularly was because the old lady, she saw something in your memories. Something that helped her decide that Lotus Pier ought to be your destination,” he said, carefully.

“My memories?” Xi Chen asked blankly. “I don’t know what-,” he paused, eyes finally widening in sudden realization.

“So she did see something, huh?”

Xi Chen blushed furiously under the heated gaze of his boyfriend and stared at his hands. He took a few minutes, to gather his muddled thoughts. “From the time I first saw you, as a guest disciple, I always found you very captivating. I didn’t really know what I was feeling back then, just that you were very attractive and you made me very curious. But then the war happened and I got side tracked with the recovery of my Sect and my brother,” he murmured, finally looking into the loving eyes of his boyfriend. “And then when the Guanyin temple event happened, I just couldn’t take my eyes off of you, as you fought A-Yao. But again, A-Yao’s death side tracked me. When I was in seclusion, my dreams were filled with purple lightning and lotuses,” he chuckled under his breath. “To be honest, when I came out of seclusion, Lotus Pier was on my itinerary. A-Xian always spoke at lengths about the lotuses, the ponds, lakes, markets and although, I had been here before, I never had a proper chance to explore this beautiful place. So, I wanted to see them for myself. But I also wanted to see you. So I guess, it all worked out in the end.”

Jiang Cheng smiled happily and he did the only thing that he could do to convey what he was feeling. He pulled Xi Chen into a scorching kiss and leaned back on the bed, Xi Chen following suit, their lips still connected. Moans of pleasure, escaped through their lips as they tore through each other’s inner robes, in the haze of desire. Xi Chen latched onto the bridge between Jiang Cheng’s neck and shoulder, teasing and biting and sucking on the already abused skin. Jiang Cheng let out another moan, his eyes snapping shut at the overstimulation coursing through his body, as he ran his nimble fingers through his boyfriend’s hair. He wrapped his legs around Xi Chen’s waist, causing their arousals to rub against each other, the friction eliciting a guttural groan out of both.

Xi Chen didn’t think he could hold back any longer. He searched his boyfriend’s face for any signs of hesitation or discomfort but all he could find in the silver orbs gazing back at him, was love. That was all the answer that he needed. With the smile of a temptress, he dove right in, smashing their lips together, biting and sucking on each other’s tongues, hands exploring uncharted territories.

It was everything that could be expected of their first time. They held each other tightly, wiping the few, happy tears that managed to slip from their hooded eyes as they moved to a

rhythmic bliss. It was sloppy and messy and initially uncomfortable, owing to their lack of experience. But it was also a promise to learn and get better. A promise of forever. As they collapsed on their backs, receding from the highs of their love making, Jiang Cheng turned to face his love.

“I still want to tie your hair,” he whispered breathlessly, looking like a man completely wrecked.

“We have an entire lifetime ahead of us, A-Cheng,” Xi Chen whispered into his boyfriend’s ear and then smirked seductively. “How about round two for now?”

Jiang Cheng’s eyes widened at his boyfriend’s suggestion. “You shameless monster! You’re insatiable!” he exclaimed, followed by an unrestrained laugh as his boyfriend straddled his hips, making good on his promise.

EXTRA

Lan Qi Ren smoothed down his goatee, deep in thought, as he processed the information that his oldest nephew had just thrown at him. His oldest nephew wanted to marry the Jiang Sect Leader. Said nephew also wanted to hand over his Sect Leader position to his younger brother and get married into the Jiang Sect. ‘*What is it with these Jiangs that both of his nephews had succumbed to the temptation?*’ he thought. His unflinching gaze passed over his youngest nephew and Wei Wuxian, the bane of his existence, whose presence was probably to provide their brothers with moral support or to gang up on him. ‘*Wasn’t one nephew enough? Why did you have to take the other?!*’, he shot a question to the Gods. Time and again, his nephews had proved that they were his brother’s sons, through and through.

Lan Qi Ren’s gaze then landed on the three adolescents on his other side, two out of whom were squirming in their seats, under his heated gaze. No, not his Sizhui. His Sizhui was perfect.

“Sect Leader Jin. Your uncles have managed to seduce my precious nephews,” he began, blandly. His nephews and their counter parts stared at him warily. His voice then took on a threatening tone. “I’d suggest you to not have any such ideas towards my Sizhui.”

Jin Ling sputtered while Sizhui turned so red, that Wang Ji worried that his son was going to start emitting smoke from his ears. Jing Yi snorted, and then withered under the grandmaster’s narrowed eyes. Wei Wuxian laughed but immediately covered it with a cough, when Qi Ren directed a scalding glare his way. Xi Chen sighed exasperatedly while Jiang Cheng shot an accusatory look toward his fiancé and muttered under his breath, “I did not seduce you. You seduced me.”

“What?! God no!” Jin Ling exclaimed, completely horrified. “I *do not* like Sizhui that way!”

Sizhui actually had the nerve to look offended. “Why? What is wrong with me?” he whispered, with a frown.

Jin Ling scowled. “Do you like me?” he asked blandly. Sizhui shook his head immediately. “Then, why are you asking me that?! And you’re my cousin! So no!” he snapped.

Lan Qi Ren hummed thoughtfully, brushing his goatee with his fingers. “Sect Leader Jin. I’m glad that we are on the same page,” he nodded approvingly and then smirked, as a brilliant idea struck him. His clan had one Un-Lan Lan that seemed hell bent on destroying his Lan legacy. A Lan that would fit right in among the pretentious little Jins. This was the perfect opportunity to try and get rid of him. “But if you’d like to take Jing Yi off of my hands, I’d be happy to oblige.”

Jin Ling immediately muttered a “Hell no!” and Jing Yi sputtered at the Grandmaster’s bold suggestion.

“Actually, Shufu,” Wang Ji began somberly, sounding almost apologetic. “Jing Yi is also Jin Ling’s cousin. Wei Ying and I have officially adopted him.”

‘Come again, what?’ His younger nephew had officially and for the record, without his permission, adopted the second bane of his life? Hold on, wait a minute. Jing Yi was older than Sizhui. Oh no. *Oh no.* His Sect. His precious Sect was going to be run by the most un-Lan Lan to ever Lan. Everybody watched with bated breath, as the light from Lan Qi Ren’s eyes faded into nothingness and he slipped into the depths of unconsciousness.

THE END

Chapter End Notes

It's now officially over...😭😭 I hope you guys liked this fic!

A huge thanks to all my readers for your love and support! I hope you guys always be a part of this fandom and keep reading my fics, no matter how stupid and amateur they are... ♡

Until next time... I'll see you guys soon... ♡♡

End Notes

You can find me on tumblr: [valastsacrifice](https://valastsacrifice.tumblr.com/)

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!